Sound Security—Our Free War Insurance. See Coupon page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 556. | SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 036479
For meaning of this number see p. 20.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

Why do people who buy **EXCELDA** Handkerchiefs always come back for more?

Because people know a GOOD THING. They see GOOD VALU in **EXCELDA** Handkerchiefs. People soon find out when an article is made to wear and give full satisfaction.

That's why

people buy **EXCELDA** Handkerchiefs.

Ask for EXCELDA and insist upon having EXCELDA.

Ask for EXCELDA Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Stead's Adv. Svc.

"You've only to say the word—

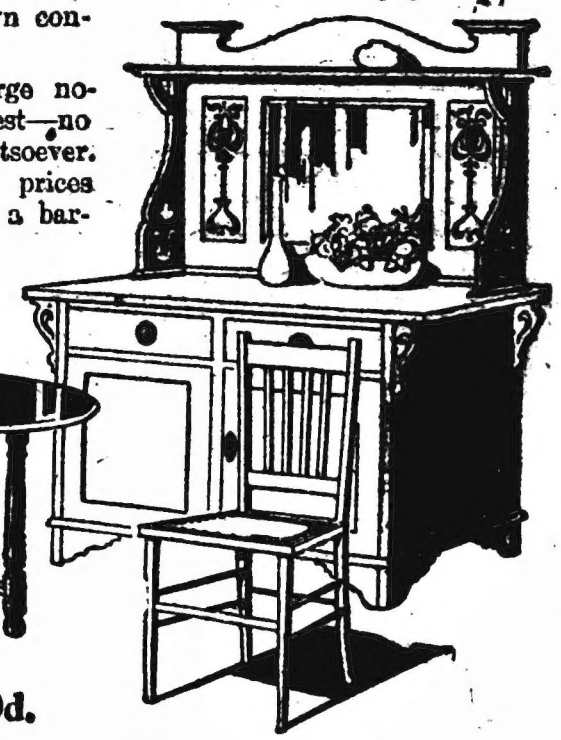
And the home you have longed for, the home you have dreamed of, the beautiful home you have set your heart on is——YOURS!

"Why wait any longer? What's the good of wasting months and years, of skimping and saving, and missing all the happiness that might be yours?"

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Come to the "Midland" to-day, or write for the "Midland" Book. Choose whatever you like best out of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. No need to draw on your investments. You can pay out of income, at your own convenience.

For the "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever. And the "Midland" prices make every purchase a bargain.



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It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Value.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
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Larger amounts pro rata.

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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

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Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

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The Superb Picture Record of the War

"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."

Over 7,000 pictures in the six volumes now ready—including a profusion of beautiful colour plates—exclusive photographs from the fighting lines—maps and diagrams—a concise and thrilling history of the progress of hostilities—and glowing stories of the great episodes of the War.

"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."

"John Bull" Guarantees these Splendid War Volumes
THE GUARANTEE
If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.
Sir A. Conan Doyle.
Mr. H. G. Wells.
Sir Gilbert Parker Bt.

Every "John Bull" reader who sends the Coupon below will receive free full particulars of this great panoramic record of the War.

The six volumes, now ready, contain over 7,000 pictures, including a wealth of colour plates.

SIX volumes of the "War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe" are now ready for delivery. The work will rank as the most thrillingly interesting of all the War Publications. Great Living Thinkers, Writers and Artists have combined to produce a wonderful Art-Gallery-and-Literature Library of the greatest armed struggle in the world's long history.

LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. Mr. H. G. Wells, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War"; Mr. John Redmond, M.P., has a thrilling article on "The Miracle of Ireland"; while from the pen of Lord Northcliffe there is a graphic chapter on "The Struggle for Verdun"—the greatest of all battles in the world's history. Other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant Allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms. Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

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FINE paper—beautiful printing—and most artistic binding make the work externally as artistic as it is impressive and excellent internally.

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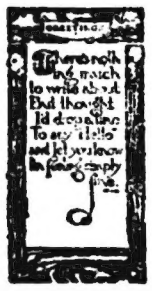
The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.



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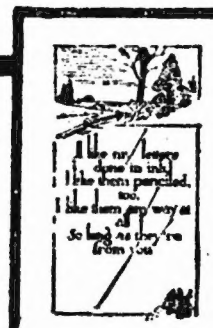

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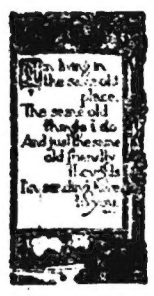

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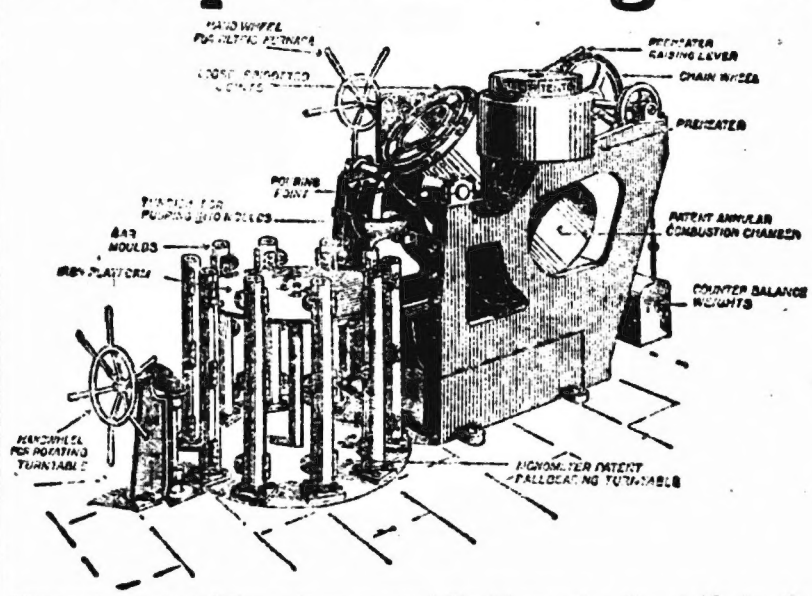

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Edited by F. H. HALL, Managing Director.

Over 1,200 users of Monometer furnaces in this country alone.

Sir Wm. Robertson Chief of the Imperial Staff, says—"to wear a cheerful face is an act of patriotism in these sad days"—

Here are cheerful faces all smoking Black Cat

I KNOW BLACK CAT cigarettes are the best value obtainable. They have a better flavour and are bigger

50-1/8 **10 for 4d** 100-3/4

Black Cat

Extra large Virginia cigarettes

CARRERAS Limited, Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C. Established 1788

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 556. Week ending Saturday, January 27th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Bravo, Balfour!

There is no doubt that "Go as you Please" is the order of the new Prime Minister to his colleagues. Which accounts for Mr. Balfour's timely addendum to the somewhat ponderous Note of the Allied Governments.

Party Death Throes.

The Party System, though in its death throes, is dying hard. Look out for a few of its expiring kicks when Parliament reassembles.

Watch Winston.

Mr. Churchill is by no means somnolent. He is very busy just now—thinking.

The Last Tribute.

Commenting on the funeral of Lieut. Hans Schindbeck, of the 6th Bavarian Infantry, who recently died at Donington Hall and was buried at Leicester, the *Daily Telegraph* says: "Full military honours, such as would mark the funeral of a British officer of the same rank, were accorded to the deceased." By the way, what were the full honours rendered to Captain Fryatt—does anybody remember?

The P.O.s.

We mean the Permanent Officials of the various Government Departments. They are having a dreadful shock at the hands of some of the new Ministers. "I am not going to have my judgment set aside because I am up against Oxford and Cambridge men," said Mr. John Hodge, the Labour Minister, the other day. How the P.O.s must love us!

Exploiting Lord Roberts.

We are now in a position to assert, without any reservation, that the alleged dying declaration of Lord Roberts—to the effect that "We have the men and munitions and guns, and all we now need is a nation on its knees"—is pure invention. We have taken some trouble to trace the ridiculous story to its source, and next week we will expose it in detail.

Glorious Lads.

During a recent visit to Brighton—where we addressed a wonderful series of "houses" at the magnificent Hippodrome—we dropped in at the Pavilion and had a chat with the boys in the Limbless Hospital. We found them happy and cheerful, and as full of pluck as ever. We wish the Huns could see them, and thus learn how impossible it is to break Tommy's proud spirit! Glorious lads! God bless them.

Sir John Cowans.

Any news yet about this War Office official?

Very Important.

Do you happen to be making mufflers for soldiers? If so, please note that the War Office won't pass them unless they measure "58 ins. by 10 ins. and be made on two No. 7 needles, taking 10 ounces of thick drab or khaki wool." *That's* the way to win the war!

A Pltant Bishop.**

This is what a worshipper at an East Anglian Church tells us: The Bishop came to re-open the organ, and in doing so expressed the hope that it would "help the congregation to forget the ugliness of the Church"—made beautiful by long years of hallowed associations! "It is this sort of thing," says our correspondent, "which make Bishops so unpopular." We take his word for it.

An Artful Move?

What is this rumour we hear, as to the motives of certain bands of Prohibitionists, in stopping the sale of drink, being to obtain a monopoly for the commercialisation of alcohol? We must keep an eye on this noble band.

R. S. V. P.

The *Tribunal*, published by the No-Conscription Fellowship, appears to exist for no other purpose than to encourage Conscientious Objectors to multiply their numbers, and thus to "hinder the recruiting of his Majesty's Forces." Why is no official action taken under the Defence of the Realm Act?

Our Consular Service.

Here is an interesting little item of news: From the Hague is announced the decease of the Berlin banker, Herr Hans von Bleichroder. This eminent gentleman was a financial adviser to the Germhun Government—also, until the outbreak of the war, *British* Vice-Consul in Berlin. What fools we have been!

Why Threats?

Elsewhere we address an Open Letter to Mr. Bonar Law on the subject of his constant hints of what is to happen if the War Loan is not well supported. We confess we don't like this method of propaganda.

"Still Running."

All records again broken. Our circulation up another ten thousand—and paper so dear, too!

Have you sent in your Registration Form? See page iii. of Cover.

These "B.s."

Apropos of the suggestion that to the four B's for 1914, 1915, 1916 and 1917—Brussels, Belgrade, Bucharest and Berlin—should be added another B for 1918—why not "Blighty"?

Pshaw and Sweden.

A Thornton Heath reader has received from friends in Sweden several letters which incline him to believe that the pro-Germanism of Sweden is very much guided in its opinions by Herr George Bernard von Pshaw. "Cannot this man be smothered?" he asks. But we do not like to destroy one of God's creatures merely because he has an excessive appreciation of self-advertisement.

A Clumsy Comparison.

From one of the picture papers: "Although we stay-at-homes were yesterday put on two-course luncheons and three-course dinners . . . not one of us resented the thought that our gallant lads at the Front were exempted from any such limitations." To suggest that we dine with Duke Humphrey while Tommy gorges to repletion on unlimited courses is the complete edge of grotesque absurdity.

Help for Mother.

When the Education Minister considers the case of boys over 12, and their possible release from school attendance during the war, perhaps he will also think of the girls. A mother of five school-children tells us: "I have done several jobs of men's work, such as straw stacks, dressing seed, and riddling potatoes, but we women do not mind what we do to help, only it comes very hard for a mother to work all day on the land, and have her house-work to do afterwards." Why should her biggest girl, a strapper, over 12, not be permitted to help?

A Tolstoyan Object.

A queer Object secured conditional exemption at Gloucester. A couple of lawyers appeared for it; when one of them had described the Object as a Tolstoyan, the Chairman said they were satisfied about its conscience. The Military Representative, in astonishment, suggested, "Subject to my cross-examination?" and Mr. Chairman, climbing down, murmured, "Of course." The cross-examination showed that the Object was a Tolstoyan and a "peaceful anarchist," and it was for 20 years a moneylender's manager, being then "a Christian"!

A Glasgow Kaiser.

Kaiser, of Glasgow, is not related to the one of Potsdam. Richard Kaiser was a teacher of German at the Glasgow High School, but the boys (to a man!) struck lessons, and declined to attend his classes. However, he still draws his salary, a cosy £240 yearly, because the School Board have set him down to a desk in their offices, where he is said to be doing "boy's work." At a meeting of the Board, the Rev. Alexander Hay moved that Kaiser be asked to resign, to save that salary, but he could not find one thrifty Scot to second him. Glasgow must have a "hand" hidden somewhere.

Punished by Better Pay.

While one of the senior officers concerned in the troops tragedy on the Sind Railway is enjoying his punishment in a new position at a higher salary, little or no consideration has apparently been given to the troops who came through that horror of incompetency and muddle alive. We are informed by one of their non-commissioned officers, writing from Rawalpindi, that "all the men would eagerly welcome orders to move to France or elsewhere for service in Europe, as it would give them a chance to regain their health, but those who ask to be transferred are refused." Will the War Council please note?

More War Economy.

This is the advertisement of Mrs. Bryan, a Southsea lady, in the local *Evening News*: "Wanted, Butler, single handed; two in family; five servants kept. State age, height, length of character [girth of waist not mentioned!] and wages." Any vacancies for a Board of Green Cloth, a Groom of the Great Chamber, and a Poet Laureate?

Corporal Jarvis, V.C.

We have already addressed a courteous but "Candid" Communication to Lord Derby in connection with the case of Corporal C. A. Jarvis, V.C. Briefly, the complaint was that Jarvis, drafted home for munition work, had been suddenly given his discharge from the Army by the civilian manager of the works, thus depriving him of the pension which he was within a few months of earning after 18 years' service. We would urge, further, that to the gallant Corporal belongs the proud distinction of being the first British soldier to win the V.C. in the present war.

Foremen at Woolwich.

No wonder the temporary foremen at Woolwich Arsenal (A.O. Department) are disgruntled. Previous to November 7th last year they were receiving £3 9s. 9d. wages for a full working week, leading subordinates receiving for the same period £3 5s. 10d. and labourers £3 1s. 10d. On the date named the wages of leading hands were increased to £3 11s. 10½d. and labourers £3 7s. 10d. Up to the present, however, the temporary foremen are not receiving any extra wages, so that their leading subordinates receive more money than they themselves do!

"British Seafarers" and Pacifists.

The British Seafarers' Union possesses headquarters at Southampton, Mr. Councillor Thomas Lewis, a local Socialist and a thorough-paced peace fanatic, being the Grand Panjandrum. In the pages of the Union's official organ, the *British Seafarer*, a marked pacifist tendency frequently appears. Did we not place implicit reliance in the robust good sense and sturdy patriotism of the seafaring class, we might be more concerned than we actually are at this underground effort to corrupt a body of men who are virtually a section of our maritime forces.

From Bradford-on-the-Rhine.

A firm offer is before us, to pass on to the *Yorkshire Observer*, from some inhabitants of Bradford who are neither Huns nor Hun lovers. They are just a few poor women, but they are British, and have sons or husbands serving. They are hurt by the continual appearance in the newspaper mentioned of the advertisement by Mr. and Miss Bauer, teachers of German—upon which we have already commented. They have hoped to see it withdrawn, but suppose the journal prefers not to suffer the financial loss. So, out of their depleted purses, they guarantee to pay the charge for that advertisement if the newspaper will cut it out. Anything doing?

"Pity the Poor Passenger!"

The hapless railway passenger, mulcted in fares which appal when they do not paralyse, would, if "P. W. W." of the *Daily News*, had his way, "get it in the neck" in another direction. Writing the other day, he said: "The State is now in control of railways, and there is thus no reason why the sale of liquor in refreshment rooms should not be entirely prohibited. . . . An immense mass of regrettable intemperance would be thereby cut away without the slightest hardship to anybody." We have been travelling on English and Scottish railways fairly continuously for years past, but, strange to say, we have never come across traces of this "immense mass of regrettable intemperance" of which the egregious writer speaks.

Over One Million "John Bull" Pens already sold. See Coupon, page 20.

A Lovely War.

This is undoubtedly a lovely war for some people. If anybody doubts it, let him ponder this fact: The official estimate of excess profits for the current financial year to April was £86,000,000, and excess profits have already yielded £93,379,000. Of course, the excess profiteers don't mind paying 60 per cent. or 70 per cent. Government Tax; 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. above normal is quite all right.

Cough and Off.

At the church of St. Mellitus, in Hanwell, the other Sunday morning, Rev. Ernest Nicholson was preaching on "Blessed are the Peacemakers." Suddenly a choir-boy broke the peace by letting his cough drop, and was at once ordered to leave the edifice. As a threat to the choir and a warning to the congregation this ought to be impressive. To avoid painful incidents in the future, they should either stay at home with their coughs or bring their lung tonic with them.

Old Stock at New Prices.

The large quantity of German goods still on sale is proof of the enemy's grip on British trade in the past. It seems impossible to get to the bottom of that old stock, and the handling of these German goods is very annoying to patriotic people. One of our lady readers went out to buy a lamp glass and a gas mantle. On reaching home she was angered to find the glass boldly branded "Made in Saxony," while the carton of the "Paragon" mantle states "Made in Germany." War prices were charged for those supposedly pre-war goods, and that fact adds extortion to the insult.

Redeeming Features.

Stanley is a naughty 12-year-old, of Wallasey. He stole £3 10s. But there is good in Stanley. His father is a soldier; his mother, after paying rent, coal, and milk, has 3s. a week for self and children. So she works, and "Stanley acts as a mother to the children." He took that money for her sake. To hide the fact, he gave her, first, half-a-crown, saying it was his Christmas boxes. Then he took home a parcel of groceries, saying a kind lady had sent it. Then they found him out, which meant six strokes of the birch, and payment of 20s. What a pity some great lawyer did not plead kleptomania!

Portsmouth Specials.

In defence of Special Constables generally, and those of Portsmouth in particular, we, in November last, addressed a "Candid Communication" to two Councillors of that port, because of their disparaging and discourteous remarks concerning the said Specials. One of the gentlemen written to, Councillor Spickernell, has now taken his seat on the Watch Committee, and is accordingly placed in authority over the Special Constables. It is no surprise to learn that they strongly object, and we would ask the Councillor to consult his own dignity by withdrawing from a position in which he cannot feel too comfortable. He would save a deal of trouble.

Drink and Crime.

We are taken to task by the *Banffshire Advertiser* for our recent references, under the heading "A Cheap Life," to the ridiculously light sentences imposed by Lord Guthrie at Edinburgh in a serious case of manslaughter. It may be recalled that two drunken roysterers, who flung an innocent wayfarer into the River Esk and left him to drown, were let off—one with 18 months', and the other with 12 months' imprisonment. The gist of our contemporary's complaint is that we have not given sufficient publicity to Lord Guthrie's strictures upon the "drink evil," which, after all, were largely beside the point. Moreover, it will be a bad day for all of us if ever "drink" comes to be judicially regarded as an excuse for crime.

Wasted Men.

There is at least one man in the Army who rubs his eyes every morning and wonders why he is there. We confess we share his perplexity. After 33 years' service he was sent home from India, time expired, to obtain his discharge—well earned. He reported to his Reserve Battalion over three months ago, but is still retained to serve, goodness knows why—the soldier doesn't. His duties are not onerous; they begin, and end, when he answers the roll-call. He is a turner and fitter, and longs to be up and doing, but is compelled to vegetate. It is a strange case, although there are others like it.

The Local Authorities' Umbrella.

One of the umbrellas sheltering the hang-backs is held up by local authorities. Lewisham Union Guardians are straining every nerve to retain their young men, despite their fitness for service—and never mind the decision of the Tribunal. Deptford is also taking its turn, and one of the Councillors stood up to challenge a long list of clerks and others, wondering why such men should stay home and keep house, while business men shut up shop and go. He tried to move a resolution on the subject, but the Mayor said, "You must give notice." The Mayor's Secretary, aged 26, holds exemption till June!

Winsome War Babies.

This is one of the announcements of Mr. H. W. Lanchet, Organising Manager to the Eastbourne Home Life Exhibition: "I have engaged the band of H.M. Royal Marines, C. Hoby, Esq., Conductor, and shall have an exhibit by the Ministry of Munitions Healthy Baby Competition and many other attractions." Not for all the jewels in the Tower would we damp the enterprise of the new Government. All we contend is that babies are not the province of the Ministry of Munitions, not even considered as a side line. This part of the Eastbourne show should be handed over without delay to the Registrar-General.

Senselessness for Soldiers.

Though we have no sympathy whatever with senseless or thoughtless or foolish people who procure drink for wounded soldiers, the decision of the Thirsk Magistrates in the case of Jane Freer is painfully vindictive. The woman, as a headline in the *Halifax Courier* has it, acted in "mistaken kindness." The procuration amounted to one bottle of beer for each soldier, and the woman said she "did it unthinkingly." The Bench sentenced her to three weeks' hard labour, a punishment in all the circumstances monstrously disproportionate to the crime. The Chairman's explanation that it was inflicted as a deterrent does not condone its flagrant excess of the necessities of the case.

Gas at Kidderminster.

As the National Savings Committee are shrieking at the population from all the hoarding to economise their gas and coal among other things, will they be good enough to note the circular addressed by the local Gas Company to householders in Kidderminster? "Notice is hereby given," it runs, "that the consumption of gas at the above address is too small to pay rent of slot-meter, fittings, and other expenses. Unless the following quarter shows a larger quantity used, the meter will be disconnected and removed." Thus anybody in Kidderminster who saves on the gas meter to invest in the War Loan will be penalised by being deprived of gas altogether. Unfortunately, the Company's threat is one they have the legal power to carry into effect.

For one week only—"Bullets" First Prize, £500. See page 28.

"Bullets" Big Prize.

The First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition has been increased to £500 for this week only. If you want to win this substantial nest-egg, now is the opportunity.

Brave Mrs. Barras.

A woman of courage and resource is Mrs. Eva Barras, a conductress on the Newcastle Corporation trams, who has laid by the heels three scoundrels who have been pursuing picking-pocket practices. Mrs. Barras was instrumental in securing the arrest of the men on her car and, incidentally, in obtaining for each thief six months' imprisonment. It needs some courage to challenge men of this kind. The fact that a woman did it is worthy of record, and of praise.

From Devon to Wigan.

Another story of Labour Exchanges is suggestive. It concerns two 19-year-old Devonshire girls. They applied at the local Exchange for munition work, were passed by the doctor, received official warrants, and were sent to Wigan. Why they could not get work nearer home is a mystery, but the story proceeds that, at Wigan, one girl failed to pass a second doctor. Refusing to part company, they decided to return home, but a railway pass was denied them, and they were stranded till their parents scraped the money together. It is certainly wrong to send young girls long journeys under such conditions.

"Swiss Waiters."

A Swiss waiter in Liverpool thinks we are unjust in stigmatising Germhun Swiss pro-Germhuns, "because," he says, "I can prove in general it is not so. Whatever Canton a Swiss comes from he is a Swiss, and take it from me that the whole of Switzerland is heart and soul with the Allies. I would be obliged to you to tell me what a Swiss-Swiss is?" He has answered his own question. A Swiss-Swiss is one who is heart and soul with the Allies; a Germhun-Swiss is one who isn't. Not a few of the kind, Germhuns claiming Swiss nationality, are suspect in this country, and naturally. The Briton has reason to know the breed.

A Coroner's Appeal.

A simple yet poignant tale of tragedy was recalled recently at a Shoreditch inquest. A little boy of three had been accidentally scalded, dying from the effects of his injuries. The child's father was a consumptive carman earning only 24s. a week, out of which there was 5s. rent to be paid and eight children to be fed and clothed. In explanation of the accident, it was said that the family were too poor to replace the fireguard, which had been worn out. "A most deserving case," thought the Coroner. "He himself would pay for a new fireguard, and he hoped for help for the family from a kindly disposed public." This appeal will surely not be in vain!

Weather or Not.

"Yours faithfully, Edward M. Darken," of New York City, informs us that throughout the month of January the weather will be bitterly cold, with fierce storms and heavy snow; that in February there will be more bitter local storms, particularly on the West Coasts, with rough seas—and that this kind of weather may be expected right up to April 6th, during which time the North Atlantic will feel the full force of terrific gales and will be lashed into fury." We shall be lashed into fury too if the weather hereabouts is anything like that Mr. Darken predicts. "The British Isles," says he, "will suffer severely." By way of contrast, we may mention that the weather in Germhuny is expected to be hot.

A Practical Hint.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer *must* commandeer something, let him call in all the Dormant Balances and Unclaimed Securities in the hands of the Bankers—about which we are writing very fully in the *City John Bull!*

"Homes" from Home.

Where hostel accommodation is provided for munition girls there seem to be great inequalities of treatment. "Coming home at midnight," writes a girl from the North, "we face empty grates and damp beds. . . . Other girls in different hostels are met by bright fires when they return." This is grossly unfair, and a severe reproach to those responsible. Is it nobody's business to set these abuses right?

Curious Cases.

We have occasionally referred to the number of gallant musicians with the Colours. But there are others. We hear of a Scarborough organist who is exempt, because "if anything happened to his hands, his living was gone." Just think of the millions of Tommies—if anything happened to stop their breath, where would *their* living go? Another man, a clerk, was passed for Garrison Duty abroad; he appealed, came to London—and got munition work at about £3 a week, while his wife does similar work at her home. The local comment is, "Not good enough." And we agree.

Belgian Glass.

A reader kindly tells us the routine by which the Belgian glass arrives here—but we knew it all before. We only doubt his contention that "the Belgians do benefit by these transactions." He relates that a permit must be obtained from the Board of Trade, granted only when the Board is satisfied that "the Belgian works are worked by Belgians." He adds: "Permission has also to be obtained from the German Government; this has seldom been refused." Exactly! That sweet readiness to oblige makes us suspicious. The Hun does not mind cash going into Belgium while he occupies the country.

Runciman's Rubbish.

Our opinion is solicited, without discussing the Runciman Ordinance, whether we do not think a luncheon consisting of soup, joint, vegetable, and a sweet is "enough for any Britisher," and whether it is not unpatriotic for people to demand several helpings of the same course. Our opinion is that it is patriotic for us all in these days of food scarcity and high prices to eat nothing we can reasonably do without. Mr. George R. Sims announced the other day that he could buy enough dates for 1s. 9d. to last him a week. This rather reminds us of the man who took enough Epsom salts one morning to kill him in a month; but that is neither here nor there. In all things let us be moderate.

Returned Letters.

It is one of the characteristics of Co-operative Stores that they treat their employees with a great deal of petty meanness. The Royal Arsenal Stores at Woolwich offers an example. Employees complain to us that private letters addressed to them at the firm are not delivered to them but returned to the Post Office. In consequence, there is often four or five days' delay in re-delivery, even if they are again delivered at private addresses at all. "Many of us live out of the district," it is added, "and do not receive a postal delivery before leaving for business. Surely it is comprehensible that an address where we can be found without delay is not an unreasonable thing." Of course not—always supposing that the staff have not been making it a depôt for love letters and mixing 'em with the business.

No woman should be without "Everywoman's." Tuesdays, One Penny.

An Acknowledgment.

It is pleasant to be able to record the fact that a large section of the staff of the National Amalgamated Approved Society volunteered to work during the recent Christmas holidays, thus avoiding delay in the handling of sickness and maternity claims. Such faults as there are in the administration of the National Insurance Act rest less with the rank-and-file than with the "higher command."

Preserving the Foxes.

The Andover men who, to protect their poultry-run from its depredations, killed a fox by using poisoned cheese must have forgotten that in this country the fox is more sacred than the hen. To remind them of this fact the Magistrates mulcted them in £3 and £1 respectively, so that on the whole it would have been cheaper to let Reynard have a few hens. Bother eggs for breakfast so long as country magnates have foxes for hunting!

10,000 Frontiersmen.

Now that the man-power of the nation is to be mobilised, it is natural that the sons of the Empire should desire to take a hand. We are desired to repeat the undertaking of a Briton in South Africa, who guarantees to get together 10,000 men, under 50 years old, all tried and tested campaigners, inured to exposure and hardship. Every man would be fit, willing, eager, anxious, and ready to go anywhere and fight anybody—Germans preferred. It is a fine, firm offer to the Government. Any takers?

A Fall from Grace.

When the news of the Austrian Emperor's death reached Natal the *Mercury* published a fulsome biography of the dead monarch, heavily bordered in black. In the course of this amazing effusion reference was made to the Emperor's "kindly nature," it being further claimed that in his own troubled realm he had behaved in a way "which commands honour." We think our "mercurial" contemporary owes an apology to its readers for such slobbering courtesy to the Empire's foes.

Shorthand and Skill.

The Unemployment Department of the Board of Trade had best be careful what it is about, and its Chief Dilution Officer should attend to his p's and q's. For it, and he, have gravely annoyed the Shorthand Writers of Great Britain, who fulminate ferociously on finding themselves described as "unskilled." Our sympathy is entirely with them, for a man who can take down 200 words a minute—and transcribe them afterwards—is just about as well-skilled as man can be. They tell us the C. D. O. has climbed down by substituting "semi-skilled," but that is only the difference between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

"To Save the Farm."

Readers will recollect that we pleaded the cause of a Cornish widow, with 14 children, the eldest boy at home being 13, who was desperately pushed to keep her farm going. Her only remaining assistant was an old man, the eldest son being a Yeomanry trooper stationed at Brentford. Our words were, "He would be of more value to the community if permitted to go home and save the farm." We are glad to record that the War Office has at length adopted this view, and the trooper has been released to carry on at home—a wise decision in the case of this "farmer's boy."

Please the Pigs!

We have a message to transmit to Birkenhead. It is about pigs. People are asked to keep and breed them. Now, at Birkenhead, people kept pigs for 30 years, on gardens far removed from habitations. It was hard work, but useful and profitable, and not a soul ever suffered in health from it. Yet some nuisance in the shape of an Inspector closed down the pig businesses of about a dozen families. Some of the people are ready to start again, but need assistance in building the sties, because wood is dear—and their husbands are fighting. Is anybody at Birkenhead Town Hall interested?

Badly Put.

It is a soldier who draws our attention to a rather awkward confession made by a Glasgow evening newspaper. It printed about a column of football news, and then, immediately below, stated: "Owing to pressure on our space the Roll of Honour is held over." Football has a friend in us, and we suppose even a Scottish newspaper must provide what its readers demand, but we think the Roll of Honour might have been printed by that journal in its succeeding issue without parading a preliminary excuse that hurt a soldier's feelings. The explanation was unfortunate when the reason for it was so obvious.

A Vital Decision.

A case recently decided in a Scottish Court will be of interest to most of our readers. The United National Friendly Assurance Collecting Society declined to meet their obligations under a small life insurance policy on the ground that the insured, formerly a steel-dresser, had joined the Army—"a more hazardous employment"—and been killed in action at the front. Before the Court, however, this defence failed, for "as the Society had full knowledge of the soldier's enlistment, and accepted payment of premiums until after his death, they must be held to have waived this condition." Good law and good sense!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ENFIELD GAZETTE AND OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"Furnished room wanted; preferable WHERE CHICKEN RUN."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"A FAST TYPIST wanted, for Richmond office."

"DERBY DAILY EXPRESS":—
"An interview with General Smith-Dorrien . . . has an interest for all Foresters. . . . There is talk about his effort TO PURIFY THE STAGE AND LADY SMITH-DORRIEN'S HOSPITAL BAG SUPPLY DEPOT."

"BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"Apartments, COMPANIONS OR MARRIED COUPLE; ALSO YOUNG LADY TO SHARE BEDROOM."

"ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS HERALD" (advertisement):—
"Stevenston United Free Church . . . Owing to the LIGHTING Restrictions, the CHURCH BELL WILL NOT BE USED in evenings."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT":—
"A good proportion of men with SWORDS BY THEIR SIDES at present will be willing to REPLACE THEM BEHIND THEIR EARS when circumstances permit."

"BUXTON ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"To Let, on the Ford Hall Estate, WELL-WATERED MILK and Sheep Farm."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL":—
"Defendant (Madame Almira Brockway) . . . described herself as a PHYSIC."

"SOMERSET COUNTY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—
"A Good Situation is open for a smart Man to OPEN PIGS, and One or Two FOR SHAVING."

"DAILY NEWS AND LEADER":—
"Henry Nelson Coleridge . . . records that he witnessed the arrival of the first Bishop of Barbados. 'WHEREVER A HUMAN FOOT COULD STAND was one MASS OF BLACK FACES.'"

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—The care of honoured British graves in France and Flanders, and upon remoter battle fields, is a matter very near the heart of the nation; and I am most happy to notice the keen personal interest you are taking in the measures devised to this end. Your recent little speech to the Committee for the Care f Soldiers' Graves was in the nature of a practical report upon the work already accomplished, and as such it conveyed a delicate message of comfort to the bereaved. Meanwhile, I most heartily welcome your occasional public appearances, and beg you to accept the assurance of my deep respect.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law. M.P., Chancellor of Exchequer.

DEAR MR. LAW,—I do wish you would avoid those repeated references to the possibility of a compulsory loan or levy for the financing of the war. There is no necessity whatever for this kind of talk, which is liable to create a wholly false impression as to the country's willingness to answer the call of patriotic duty. If the Victory Loan had failed—if it were not already assured of triumphant success—there might be some excuse for your threat, but as things are your remarks make painful reading—except for the Huns.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

DEAR AGRICOLA,—On the whole, your speech to farmers in the Shire Hall, Hereford, on Patriotism, Prothero, Pigs, Potatoes and Profits was excellent, barring your apparent approval of the Class 3 joke, which I suppose is not your affair. I am not looking for record crops from the agricultural activities of military squads classed fit for service as "clerks, storemen, batmen, cooks, orderlies, sanitation, etc." For the moment, all I want to warn you about is this: It is true, as you say, that in this country we can grow as many potatoes as we like and a great many more than we can consume. Seed is in limited quantity, however. If everybody is going to rush into his back patch, as threatens, and start growing potatoes instead of weeds and half-bricks, I can see a precious deal of seed going down and a precious few potatoes coming up. The spectacle of the amateur gardener chucking potato seed about is not a little disconcerting, I do assure you.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Theodore Cook, Editor of "The Field."

DEAR SIR THEODORE,—You have the sympathy of every right-minded man in your protest against the action of certain War Office officials in connection with a dispute between you and the authorities. As I understand the matter, you are interested in a new explosive which was turned down by the War Office, pursuing a not uncommon dog-in-the-manger policy, and you have had every obstacle placed in your way in your endeavours to develop the discovery. You have demanded a public inquiry, and I am glad to see that Lord Derby has called for a "Report." Insist that there shall be a public investigation, not a hole-and-corner affair in which all the evidence is suppressed and only the verdict made public. We have had enough of that sort of thing. In sporting parlance, "We'll back the *Field*."

JOHN BULL.

To Lance-Corporal Richard Pye, King's Liverpool Regiment.

DEAR LANCE-CORPORAL,—Let me add just a word of praise to those which your plucky but unavailing effort to save the life of Private Bourne during a bombing practice merited and received from the Coroner, the jury, and your superior officers at the inquest. When the bomb thrown by Bourne hit the top of the parapet and rebounded into the trench, you, at the risk of your own life, did all you could to pull him back into the safety traverse, and but for the fact that you slipped and fell as the explosion occurred Bourne in all probability would be still alive to tell the story to the mess. May you never have worse luck—and often better.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. J. Paul, B.D., Minister, Parish Church, Elder Park, Scotland.

REV. FRIEND,—Considering you are a parson, a teetotaler, and a Scot, you dawn on my far-reaching vision in the light of wonder. Your Sunday afternoon address on Clyde drunkenness is pretty much what any sober-minded, plain-spoken, unteetotal, unprejudiced person might have said in your place, and what I can certainly say in mine; this you can post on the church door if you've a mind to do so. The allegations of insobriety against Clyde workers are in some small sense true and are a great deal exaggerated; and in so far as they are true and not exaggerated, they are to be explained by long hours, laborious toil, and exhausting conditions. "I have reason to believe," you said, "that no employees in any shipyard in the Kingdom turn out in a given time more work or better work than our Clyde workers." It is a lie and a libel to stigmatise them, as so many unscrupulous pumpuritans do, as men from whom the Empire and the nation can only be saved by Prohibition for temperate and intemperate alike throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. It is up to every Clyde man to do his best, in his soberest; but Prohibition will only exasperate him and slack him in his work.

JOHN BULL.

To the Pontefract Magistrates.

GENTLEMEN,—The ways of some of you are past understanding. The other day you had before you a woman named Esther Bedworth, a soldier's wife, on a charge of neglecting her children, her two boys being accused of theft. The woman was in receipt of 25s. from the Army and 7s. as a colliery allowance. According to the police, there was no food in the house and no bed clothing. You thought it in keeping with your duty, as the administrators of justice, to order the birch for the children who had stolen because they were starving, while the heartless mother you merely cautioned and bound over. When will you understand the quality of mercy and the responsibilities of your position?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

MY LORD,—You were never blindly in love with Party politics, and I am by no means surprised at the trend of your recent observations. Looking back at the once famous "Midlothian campaign," you seem to wonder if that orgy of sound and fury was ever really worth while. "Perhaps as we get older," you reflect, "such Party victories shrink in our estimation. . . . This Armageddon has shrivelled such contests to nothingness." In regard to the future, you refrain from prophecy, but I trust, my lord, that you may live to see the dawning of a better day.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Murdo Smith Maclean, Mailing, Inverness.

DEAR MEENISTER,—I observe that at the ripe age of 53 years you have been ordered by an Edinburgh jury to pay £200 "breach of promise" damages to a blushing damsel ten years your junior, whom you appear to have coldly jilted. In defence of your heartless conduct you seem to have set up a plea of "platonic affection." True you had kissed the lady, but then you had kissed all her sisters as well, and they had kissed you! Upon the whole, you appear to have got your £200 worth, but such levity is to be severely deplored, and I therefore rebuke you publicly.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Low.

M'LUD,—Upon more than one recent occasion you have referred in scathing terms to the manner in which cases under the "Poor Persons" Rules are prepared and presented to the Court—especially in the Divorce Division. You are very properly of opinion that the free legal assistance given to the poor should be of a sound and helpful character, instead of which you find that "the interests of the parties are often sacrificed, owing to the slovenly way in which the cases are handled." This is a most serious indictment, reflecting small credit upon the legal profession. What remedy do you propose?

JOHN BULL.

A FINE YIELD.

The Government are hoping to raise more troops from the workers on the land.

FARMER BULL: "Talking of crops—What's the matter with this?"

THE MORAL OF THE EXPLOSION.

TAKE NO MORE RISKS—INTERN EVERY UNNATURALISED GERMAN.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

HOW much longer is this country to live under the monstrous peril of the enemy abroad in our midst? It is an ever-present danger that men and women who own allegiance to the arch-murderer of Europe, who read every British loss with exultant eyes, and even dare to show their jubilation in public places, should be allowed to exist among us without any real check on their actions. It is an insult to the millions of men who have left this country to fight the Hun in the field that those they leave behind should be subject to the risks which this country continues to incur so long as a single German male remains at large and a single German female is allowed liberty of action. When that awful thunder of the blown-up munition factory "in the neighbourhood of London" fell upon the ears of the people of the Metropolis, and reverberated the noise of its death-dealing for miles around, there was only one thought in the minds of those who heard it—the enemy. And now that all is known that is likely to be known of that awful catastrophe which spread death and destruction, who is there who does not believe that it was the hand of the Hun which willed and worked that many lives might fall to the schemes of the foe?

False and Vague Promises.

While there is a German abroad in our midst we run incredible risks. Some of us who knew the meaning of the spy danger, who understood the low cunning and desperate zeal of the savages of Europe, pointed to the peril and urged the Government to take drastic action before the war was many weeks old. We had information of the subterranean plots of the foe; we knew that the spies were active in our midst in hundreds; we had knowledge of their methods; we knew something of their threats. For the sake of our national security, for the protection of our own people, we begged and implored the Home Secretary to act, and act quickly. What received we for our pains? Sneers and scoffing, protestations that the danger was exaggerated, vague promises that something would be done, with reservations that all enemy aliens would be interned when that day came which saw us "in imminent risk of invasion." To make it difficult for those who scented danger to warn the public, infamous use was made of the Defence of the Realm Act, and those who warned were threatened; those who urged the internment of the enemy in our midst were accused of seeking to create panic, and their patriotic motives were distorted into crimes. For many weary months we fought the authorities, but the "hidden hand," the sinister influence which has protected the naturalised Hun in the Privy Council, which has given liberty under an assumed name to a man proved guilty of conspiring in the interests of the enemy, which has favoured the alien foe in commerce and finance, in politics and Society, worked its wanton and its evil way. It was the splendid outburst of mob indignation caused by the *Lusitania* murders, indignation which unhappily found its vent in the East End shop looting, that aroused the then Government to the dangers to which, not the country—oh, no; that did not matter!—but its own existence had become subject. And dishonestly, half-heartedly, an order for general internment was put into force.

Awful and Mysterious Disasters.

But we know—and official admissions convicted the culprits out of their own mouths—that so soon as public indignation and excitement had died down, enemy aliens were released, and thousands who had never been interned are to-day walking about as free men with no further check upon their actions than a periodical visit to the local police. Meanwhile, awful disasters—sinister and mysterious; hushed up by the Press Bureau, smothered from publicity under the Defence of the Realm Act—have taken place on sea and on shore. Great battleships, riding quietly at anchor in home ports, have been blown sky-high with not a soul left to tell the tale. In the mouth of the Thames and in the North of Scotland the Navy has been robbed of fine ships and gallant men, by mysterious internal explosions. And then the munitions factories—culminating in this awful and devastating disaster! There was that catastrophe in Yorkshire near to a town known as "the happy home of the Hun." And, remember, too, the death of Lord Kitchener. How much longer are we, as a nation, to remain silent under this sinister menace? Think you there is a single Briton free to move about in the cities and towns of Germany? Do you imagine for a moment that the Kaiser and his gang are fools enough to run the risk of allowing men of enemy lands to work their vengeance upon the non-combatants?

Not a Man Should Be Left!

"Once a German always a German!" That declaration of Consul Ahlers, who, after being condemned to death as a traitor, was liberated and allowed to live in Surbiton under a false and *English* name, rings ever in my brain. Do I blame the German? How can I? If, as Mr. Bonar Law said in the illuminating days of Opposition, he was in Germany and could strike a blow for his beloved country, he would do it. Of course he would—so would any true Britisher. No, I blame the prolonged supineness of his Majesty's Governments, which in turn have lacked the courage and the width of view to grapple with and strangle the alien peril. To-day we have a new Ministry; that Ministry is faced with a catastrophe to the workpeople of the Metropolis which, it is quite obvious, we are not allowed to measure at its true and fatal value. Mystery—dark, sinister, appalling—surrounds the holocaust. Rumour, many-tongued, hideous, will build its fantastic structure of horror on half-truths and suppressions. But this I know—from one end of Britain to the other the conviction will be burnt in upon the imagination of the people that the bloody, scheming hand of a Hun is behind it all. Who can deny it? Who can give any other plausible, satisfying explanation so long as the creatures of the Kaiser—men of an infamous nation which has declared war on our womenfolk and our children; women who shed tears of joy at the drowning of babes and who in imagination hear the church bells ringing in Germany over the destruction by the murderous Zeppelins—be allowed to pass as citizens in our midst? Let the nation cry out for the immediate internment of every unnaturalised German, whatever his rank, whatever his status. Be he financier or waiter, merchant or barber, he must be put behind barbed wire until that day when the foe shall be crushed in the field and the Allies declared victors. Then he and all his family must be kicked neck and crop out of the country he has too long defiled by his hated and loathly presence. It is to court trouble, to provoke reprisals, for the authorities to remain a day longer deaf to the demands of the nation. In every considerable town in the kingdom the war worker is bending to the task which patriotism dictates and our Imperial safety exacts. Every man and every woman who is thus serving the State under conditions of inherent danger, amid perils born of the very nature of their work, has a right to demand that no unnecessary risks shall be imposed. Grave yet avoidable risk does exist so long as a single Hun is at large.

"ECHOES OF THE WEST."

LETTERS AND REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR OFFICE SCANDAL.

From every part of the country, and from the trenches too, we have received an overwhelming number of letters applauding our attitude over the Cornwallis-West case. We should like to have been able to quote abundantly from our correspondence—to prove to those friends of Mrs. West, and notably members of her own family who are foolish enough to imagine that our views do not rightly represent public feeling, how big and strong are the sentiments of commendation evoked by the article in JOHN BULL. So far as concerns the letter we have received, marked "Private," from Col. Cornwallis-West, we are obviously precluded from making any reference to its terms. We should, however, have been delighted to publish it in full, and indeed to give publicity to any arguments against the findings of the Military Court which had behind them the authority of the signature of those making them.

TOO KIND BY HALF.

But so far, while nothing has been argued or adduced which could in any way shake our confidence in the justice of our comments, or alter by a hair's breadth the attitude we have taken up in the public interest, we gladly give publicity to one or two statements which have been made to us. It is now declared that Col. Delmé-Radcliffe removed Lt. Barrett from the battalion to which he was originally posted "for his own good." As to that we have only to say that, according to the findings of the Court, no such defence was put forward. It was clearly stated that his action—with which high officials of the War Office quite improperly concerned themselves—in removing the young officer from one battalion to another was intended as a punishment, not as a precaution in his own interests. On this point, the Report is quite conclusive. It is denied that Mrs. Cornwallis-West ever accused Lt. Barrett of bursting into her bedroom "in the sense implied." The story is that, one day, Barrett was at Ruthin Castle; that he was told by Mrs. Birch that he could not go on a certain motor ride to Lady R——, and that in his desire to invoke the good offices of Mrs. West to secure permission he burst into her room while she was dressing—an act for which she maternally reproved him. It appears that much was made at the Inquiry—although it found no place in the Report—of a gold locket given by Mrs. West to Barrett. That, we are told, was her habit—she gave lockets which had received priestly blessing to all the wounded in the hospital. Another statement is that what was meant by her offer, in the letter, to teach Barrett what "real" poetry was in her flower-boudoir was a reference to that finest of modern poems, Kipling's "If."

COMING PARLIAMENTARY DISCUSSION.

But, we repeat, all the statements are unverified and *ex parte*. The case engaged the attention of the Court of Inquiry for ten days, witnesses were examined and cross-examined, defending counsel made long speeches—in fact, all the paraphernalia of a trial was provided. Those who are quite excusably prejudiced in favour of Mrs. Cornwallis-West, from family or friendly reasons, may seek to impugn the *bona-fides* of the Court and to traverse its findings. When the matter is raised in debate in the new Session of Parliament—as we believe it will—then will be the time to make such charges, for there they can be heard and answered. Meanwhile we repeat that nothing we have written are we for a moment disposed to withdraw, or water down.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Six millions is a tidy sum,
Which formerly had struck us dumb;
But, spending daily on the war
As much, it seems a trifle poor.

That vulpine villain, Kaiser Bill,
Makes sane folk positively ill!
His latest is his worst pretence—
He claims to own a conscience!

But Balfour with his pungent pen
Makes Bill appear the worst of men,
And tells the world in accents plain
We'll never suffer him again

The legend has it that Bo-Peep
Unfortunately lost her sheep;
But sheep will follow anywhere
Our modern shepherdesses fair.

Would not the Potsdam Bully groan
If he could see the British Loan!
No doubt about our "will to win,"
When money thus comes rolling in!

The powers the War Office wield
Enabled them to raid the *Field*;
In other words, it seems they took
Great liberties with Sir Theo. Cook.

SIX MILLION MORE.

IT IS THE EMPIRE'S WAR—WHY NOT USE THE MEN OF THE EMPIRE?

By A. G. Hales.

NO matter what Utopians may say to the contrary, this war has got to go on to a dead finish. We have got to win right out, and dictate the terms of peace—a lasting peace. Such a peace cannot come to pass until the last vestige of Prussian militarism is broken beyond the hope of rebuilding, either in our time or our children's children's time. Germany must not, and shall not, be left with an army strong enough to leap at the throat of our splendid Ally, France, at the first favourable opportunity. The Kaiser and his Junker crew must not, and shall not, be left in control of a navy of battleships, cruisers and submarines capable of striking a deadly blow at Britain if we are ever embroiled in a war with any other nation—and no man is prophetic enough to be justified in saying that such a contingency will never arise. The German army and navy must go, and the great naval shipbuilding yards and docks must be dismantled; we don't want to live for ever on the top of a simmering volcano, for if we do we shall be taxed to keep up an army and a navy of mammoth dimensions. Such taxation, spent on non-productive concerns, will in the end spell national poverty and ultimate weakness and decline. Germany will, if not now rendered powerless, await her hour of revenge, even though she waits for a generation for a fitting opportunity to strike. To-day the Allies are united; who can affirm, with any degree of certainty, that they will be actuated by a single motive in years to come?

Every Man Wanted.

We went into this war to win; there can be no halfway rest-house, for if we do not win indisputably, we lose. And in order to deal a "knock-out" to this brutal Power which has lifted its hand against the freedom of the world, we need more men under arms than we now possess. That is the dictum of our soldier-leaders—Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson have lately said so in unequivocal terms; and they are the men whom the nation has pledged itself to follow. They demand more men, and they must have them; but why throw nearly the whole of the burden on the back of Great Britain? This is an Empire's war; the Flag flies over many millions of strong, able, virile men outside these islets—why drain Great Britain dry of its manhood, lock up our agriculture, stultify our manufactures, weaken our shipbuilding, and impoverish Britain, *until the coloured sons of Empire have been called into the fighting lines to help to bear the burden of war?* We are even now using about 300,000 black troops—so the principle is accepted, and the precedent laid down in the most logical and inexorable fashion. If we are justified in using 300,000 black troops, we are justified in putting 3,000,000 in arms in the field. If Germany had had our resources, the Kaiser would have ten million black and brown men fighting under his banner at this hour. There is not a black or a brown race in our Empire in revolt against our authority to-day—not one! Why, then, are they not called upon to bear a fair share of the responsibilities, risks and dangers?

Equal Rights and Equal Responsibilities.

To-day, the Government is demanding the presence of Britons for fighting purposes up to the age of forty-one, and yet there are millions of lusty black and brown athletes of twenty who have not even been asked to join up. Colour is no bar in a court of law; why should it be a bar in a battle field? Colour is no bar when it comes to receiving the benefit of our commerce, our navy, or our army. Those coloured men have had the same protection as the whites—why should colour be a bar to a soldier's duties? In times of peace Lascars were crowded on many of our ocean-going steamers as sailors, in competition with our white seamen. Coloured men are used by the thousand in mines worked by British capital; coloured men are used as labourers on thousands of plantations kept up by British hard cash—and the British Flag and British law protect the coloured men. Why, then, should coloured men not be asked to fight to defend that Flag and safeguard those laws? What subtle, hidden influence is it that keeps this vast and all-powerful Imperial asset idle, whilst the Britons of forty-one are forced to fight to carry the Empire's Flag to victory? We want more men to bring the Hun to his knees—why not three, six, or ten million coloured soldiers to help to ram the sword of Victory home? I know many of the coloured races, and I believe they would fight willingly and splendidly. Some opponents allege otherwise; if the latter are right, why ask the British tax-payer in time of peace to shell out to keep and protect a population that is no good to us in time of adversity? But they *are* good; they would fight, and fight finely. We *ought* to know—we have fought against them in times past. Why drain this country dry of the skilled manhood so badly needed at home until an honest attempt has been made to recruit at least five million black and brown citizens of Empire? We were nauseated with trashy sentiment about the "poor black brother" before the war, and some long-haired crank or other was eternally tapping at our pockets for money to buy him books he couldn't read and clothes he wouldn't wear. He was "a man and a brother" when they wanted to use him as a stalking horse to get at our cash—more for their own benefit than for the "poor black brother's" good. Now let him into the fighting, to prove—as he is willing to prove—that he is in reality a man!

The Volunteer of Sixty.

A call is being made on all Britishers up to the age of sixty to volunteer for service of whatsoever kind the Government may see fit to name. That call would not be required if the coloured millions were at the various fronts helping in the fighting. In my estimation, the time has arrived when the people should tell the Government, in unmistakable terms, that the hour is ripe for the black and brown brother to do his bit. It is wise to organise the natives for service, but as the Volunteers are supposed to be organised for labour, the whole of that business should be in the hands of Labour. Capital is never placed at the disposal of Labour; why, then, ask Labour to run the risk of being placed at the disposal of Capital? Organising the nation is a splendid scheme if carried out properly; it will lead to momentous issues if carried into effect improperly. We want no hitch at a vital moment; we want no heart-burning and recrimination when the guns resume their hellish thunder in the Spring—we want to be united and whole-hearted then; for then will come the tug-of-war which will decide who are to be masters of Europe and the custodians of the world's peace and prosperity. Let us walk warily now, lest we plunge headlong into a vortex of future disruption and discontent. Our duty to the Empire is not only to "think imperially," but to *act* imperially; and it is not an imperial act to place the whole, or nearly the whole, of the burden on the white man's shoulders. It's time our statesmen gave a little practical thought to the "poor white brother." To the Devil with cant and humbug!

ROSENSON, ROSE, AND ROBINSON.

SCANDALOUS METHODS: A GLARING CASE FOR THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

Surely it is not beyond the legal wit of the Public Prosecutor to put an end to the little games of George Rose, otherwise Goodman Robinson, whose methods of trading as the National Supply Stores, 56, Cannon Street, Manchester, have just been stigmatised as scandalous by Judge Lush Wilson, of Plymouth. While the legal advisers to the Manchester Corporation, the Watch Committee, and the local Stipendiary have been scratching their heads, a public-spirited clergyman, the Rev. J. P. Baker, Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth, has been taking steps to expose Rosenson's trading methods. In answer to a flamboyant circular, the rev. gentleman sent 1s. 3d. for a safety razor and extra blades. In reply he soon received an undated typewritten circular, to the effect that before his fifteen pence could produce the promised goods he must secure four other persons to send orders for 1s. 3d. each, and that when the additional sum, making 6s. 3d. in all, had been sent, the goods would be despatched. But Rosenson had met his match. Mr. Baker insisted upon the original contract being carried out, and failing compliance brought an action in the Plymouth County Court for damages.

THE RED LIGHT.

This action brought Rosenson too near the law to be agreeable. Rather than face the exposure involved, he sent the amount of the claim. His Honour, when asked to make an Order against the man for costs, adjourned the case so that Rosenson-Rose-Goodman Robinson might have notice of the application. Again he failed to put in an appearance, and his Honour, realising that the case had been brought in the public interest, gave costs on the highest scale, adding: "I think it is scandalous, and the plaintiff should be indemnified against all possible expense." With this every right-minded person will agree, and also with the Judge's suggestion that the whole matter should be placed before the Public Prosecutor. Costs are nothing to Rosenson. Mr. Baker's order was numbered 37,000 odd, so that it is obvious that many persons and thousands of pounds are involved. Rosenson is prospering in his practices, for he has moved from his original premises in a poor part of Manchester to new premises in a busier district, where there is an immense quantity of "literature" to be seen, which is dealt with by a large number of girls, the stock making no great showing. There is abundant evidence of poor persons being deceived by these specious circulars of Rosenson, *alias* George Rose, *alias* Robinson. In one case a poor woman who was foolish enough to send the additional 5s. obtained, instead of a bracelet which had been ordered, some worthless handkerchiefs. The Chief Constable of Manchester admits that "numerous complaints" have been received, but it is said that, although Rosenson sails as near the wind as possible, it is difficult to secure a conviction. But surely it is worth trying.

"UNDER ANY OTHER NAME——"

Before he hit upon the name of the National Supply Stores, Rosenson had been trading as the Household Supply Co.,—when his address was 3, Warwick Street, Manchester; before that he was the Drapery Bazaar Company, which melted later into the British Clothing Club. Rosenson was wont to advertise a bale of linen "worth £2 10s." for £1, the goods to be forwarded on receipt of 2s., the balance by instalments. But when the 2s. was sent, the same old trick was trotted out, and customers found that the goods were not available until the payments had been completed. Rosenson was ultimately charged with obtaining money under false pretences, but he got off on the plea that if money had been diverted, it would have been his employees who were to blame, and that he had no intention to defraud. Later we find Rosenson compounding with his creditors, among them being more than 6,000 persons who had paid deposits on goods they have never received. It will be seen that this man's methods change not—it is only the lure that varies; when the money is sent there is the same shameless imposition of new conditions. If the law is not strong enough to lay all Rosensons by the heels, then alter the law. It could be done in five minutes, and in the doing the public would be spared the ingenuities of such harpies who prey upon honest and unsuspecting folk.

"CONTEMPT" OF COURT!

SPITEFUL SENTENCE ON WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Sheer bad temper, perhaps, or some irritant affection of the liver—but, whatever its origin, Provost Macaulay, of Dumfries, need not have vented his judicial spleen upon the wounded soldier who was recently before him upon a charge of drunkenness. Here is an account of the episode, from a local paper:—

> In Dumfries Police Court on Wednesday—Provost Macaulay on the Bench—Harry Hose, a private in the Naval Division, and at present a patient in the Maxwelltown Red Cross Hospital, pleaded guilty to being drunk and incapable . . . and a fine of 15s. or ten days' imprisonment was imposed. After pronouncing sentence, the Provost remarked that accused should be fighting.

It would have been far better if the Provost had minded his own business; but to proceed:—

> ACCUSED: I am fighting.
> THE PROVOST: You are not.

(Polite Provost!)

> ACCUSED: Who told you?
> The Provost threatened accused with contempt of court.

(Touchy Provost!)

> ACCUSED: Do what you like. This is fine treatment for people who are fighting for you.
> THE PROVOST: Fetch him back again.
> Accused was again placed in the dock.
> THE PROVOST: What have you got to say?
> ACCUSED: I have nothing to say.
> The Provost said that seven days would be added to the sentence for contempt of court.

But we assure Provost Macaulay that this spiteful act was far more calculated to bring contempt upon his Court than the remark of the prisoner. That poor lad—a soldier wounded in our wars—did not in any way deserve imprisonment. The most graceless feature in the day's proceedings was the behaviour of the Provost.

A HUN IN A RAGE.

BOAST OF SECRET COMMUNICATION WITH GERMANY.

There is no doubt that, by some mysterious means, the news of things happening in this country does reach Germany with remarkable and disconcerting celerity, but it is rather surprising to find an interned German prisoner boasting of the fact and basing threats upon it. The evidence is very simple. A well-known firm of cigar merchants were "favoured" with an order from G. A. C. Krause, Prisoner of War 3675, Douglas Aliens' Detention Camp, together with a remittance. The firm, being patriotic Britons, returned the money, with a note to the effect that they did not trade with the enemy, and would not do so either during the war or after it. We quote from Herr Krause's reply:—

> I have taken duly note of your remark. . . . You wish to add insult to injury—(the "injury" being the internment of the writer)—by refusing to fulfil your duties as a shopkeeper and a public servant towards me. . . . You can be sure that *this action of yours will be promptly known in my own country*, and that I shall also advise my friends in other parts of the world how innocent prisoners in this country are treated by tradesmen for their own money.

The words we have placed in italics are important, because they point to a "prompt" conveyance of news to Hunland and, if this is no empty boast, Krause appears to be one whose doings should be closely watched. He possesses the luxury of a type-writer, and may even have a clerk of his own in that detention camp—in any event, he should be a very distinguished personage indeed when he is moved to such angry threatenings because the naughty "tradesmen" will not sell cigars to him. They, we are pleased to say, take his threats pleasantly. "No doubt," they write, "the Germans will now put us on their black list, and we cannot think that any higher honour could be paid us." We compliment the firm on taking the stand they did.

THEY WOULDN'T

AUSTRIA'S OFFER—STOUT HEA

By THE E

HOW goes the day? Let us look calmly at the position and face all difficulties. To pretend they don't exist, to put our heads in the sand, is the way of children. True, real men take a sterner, more practical view of things; and the situation demands the stern, practical view. How do we stand; what are the portents and the prospects? We are on the broad, straight road to victory. Of that, there need be no atom of misgiving. The enemy, as I have said, in spite of the croakers, is broken. He can and must be crushed. But to win a crushing victory we must be at our strongest when he is at his weakest. That means that from now until the ringing of the joy-bells, we must put every ounce of our strength into the scale; and it is because I know the truth, and knowing realise where lurks the peril, that I prefer to consider fully all the facts—as fully, that is, as is possible, realising as I do that the spies of Germany still lurk in our midst.

Germany is Beaten.

But before I come to deal with our own position, and the position of the Allies, I feel it my duty to emphasise my statement that Germany is beaten—that is, beaten in the economic field. There are two points at which we can gain a triumph over the foe. We can smash him on the battle fronts, and we can cripple him where he is most vulnerable—in his stomach. This is no attempt at an idle joke. A nation that knows it is victorious may endure the pangs of hunger, but a nation that is denied the fruits of triumph cannot continue to endure the agonies of want. Now that, I repeat, is Germany's position to-day. That we might have achieved the purpose of the blockade earlier is a grievous but a useless regret. Some of us begged and implored the Foreign Office under the Asquith, and later under the Coalition, Government to put the strangle-hold upon the enemy through the hunger-grip which our wonderful Navy was ready to impose. But we pleaded in vain. The same sinister and mysterious influence which sought to allow German reservists to pass unmolested across the seas, dictated the infamous terms of the Declaration of London. The Hun was "aided and comforted"; he was allowed to receive men and munitions of war—foodstuffs were granted him; the Trident was half impotent in our hands, and while our men were slaughtered in their thousands, the means for the slaughter passed over the oceans which we ruled, and found their way into Germany.

The Navy's Freer Hand.

Thank God, those hideous, distressing days are past. The Foreign Office has found at least a sign of grace; the Navy, if it does not rule the seas with the ruthless power for which we stinted and denied ourselves in pre-war days, has been given a freer hand. And despite the miserable conduct of Neutral nations, which in a measure prevents the full pressure of our strength, Germany is growing every day hungrier. Weeks ago, from the information which reached me from Germany—information that I knew was reliable—I was able to declare that the enemy peoples were crying for bread; that the weakest were dying of hunger in her great cities. Of course I was scoffed at; naturally the ignorant denied the truth of my assertions. I was accused of my old crime of "fatuous optimism," and the nation was warned that I was manufacturing a Fool's Paradise. What do we find to-day? The very newspapers which hinted that I exaggerated, which denied the truth of my statements and refused to believe that the German people were starving, are now printing long and interesting articles from Neutrals which confirm everything I have said, and indeed go even further than my private information justified me in saying. I forgive them; I appreciate their point of view. They were afraid that if the people of this country believed all I told them, there would be a slackening of national effort; that the calls for sacrifice, which were imperative, would be met in half-hearted fashion. But I have had the advantage of going up and down the country since the early days of the war. I have been privileged to address hundreds of public meetings; I have mixed with the people, and I know the national spirit. To tell the truth, to give the assurance that Germany was broken, that it needed only one supreme effort to defeat her, was not the kind of information that would lead to sloth and indifference—it was the glorious news that would strengthen the arm and brace the nerve for the great, the overwhelming, effort. I make no complaint. It is not the first time I have been denounced for being wrong when events have proved me right. I am only too glad to receive the confirmation of my contemporaries and to find the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*—newspapers whose services to the nation during these many months of war will one day be acknowledged at their real worth—are to-day vying with me in their stories of distress and famine in the cities of the infamous enemy.

Danger and Advantage of Isolation.

But do not let us mistake the real significance of the situation. In the early days of this awful conflict those politicians who prefer phrases to facts, and who are always ready to sacrifice truth to a peroration, told us that this was going to be a war of exhaustion, a war of attrition. Fine words, but at that time they buttered no parsnips. The idea was that Man-power and Money-power alone would win in the end—they looked to the battlefields of France and Flanders for the knockout blow. They were right—and they were wrong. In spite of all that history teaches us, flying in the face of everything which sea-power has meant to the British Isles and the British Empire, they looked to our Allies' and our own glorious army to settle all accounts with the enemy. They forgot the sea; they ignored the magnificent fact that this Empire was built upon the oceans, and they ridiculed the submarine danger. Are they even now alive and alert to the daily truths which the "U"-boat and the submarine torpedo force upon the conscience of every patriotic, common-sense man? I hope so, and yet I sometimes wonder. Marvels have been achieved in the production of munitions; miracles have been worked in producing the most perfect, most valiant, fighting army

...'T BELIEVE ME!

...HEARTS AND FULL STOMACHS.

...IE EDITOR.

the Empire has ever known. *But we are an island*, subject just as much to the risks which our sea-lapped shores impose upon us as to the immunities with which our isolation favours us.

The Unheeded Warning.

Months and months ago we gave the warning—those of us who brought ordinary practical common sense to bear on the problems of war. We saw what was coming; we scented the danger ahead, and we pleaded—how long and earnestly!—with the Government of the day, to make certain that victory was not jeopardised by want, that in the hour of triumph we were not weakened by the cry of hungry children. Our warnings, our entreaties, went unheeded; over everything the whitewash brush of official satisfaction was spread with reassuring thickness. The submarine danger was "well in hand"; no need to take precautions for the supply of the food of the people—all was well; we could sleep safely in our beds on a full stomach; the grim spectre of want was only the nightmare of disordered imagination. To-day, what do we find? Frantic, ill-conceived, and stupid efforts to make up for lost time. The Minister for Agriculture—a man who for once knows his job (happy visions of a real Business Government!)—tells us that the country is as "a beleaguered city." Admiral Jellicoe, the First Sea Lord—called from the command of the greatest fighting fleet the world has ever seen, to redress the blunders and ignorance of the Admiralty—boldly makes known the truth: the submarine danger is more serious than at any time since the war began. And all this when Victory is in sight! Well, we have no cause for despair. The portents, I repeat, are red with the hues of victory; a little patience, a little more sacrifice, that long pull and that strong pull altogether, and we shall give the foe the knockout blow.

Austria's Offer.

But this is no time for mistakes—we are too near the glorious dawn to risk marring the sunrise. We have given the new Government our confidence—every Minister must justify our trust. Lord Kitchener, that greatest of modern men, who saw clear through to the final horizon of all our hopes, visualised the wants of the army—a three years war and three million men. He did not believe in "Wait and See"—not for him the dalliance and the delay of the politician. To-day the Army is all right—the munitions are ensured; that spring Offensive which we sincerely believe will drive the German out of France and loosen his grip on bruised and bleeding Belgium, is in sure and certain preparation. But when we look at home, when we take a sincere survey of our own position, we realise the necessity for facing grim truths and the imperative need for strong, firm, practical action. Do not forget this fact—Germany is breaking up from within. Austria, as I told you weeks ago, when the wiseacres laughed the empty laugh, is anxious to drop out of it! She would make peace to-morrow if the terms were favourable and the guarantees against Hun aggression sufficient. And here, again, the general Press is now calmly telling the public all about it. Listen to this from the bright little *Express*—it is a special message from The Hague: "The Austrian Ambassador has received extensive powers, with a view to impressing the pro-Austrian wing at the Spanish Court with the advisability of bringing about an early peace. Vienna has even allowed it to be understood that very extensive concessions would be made to Italy and Russia if peace were arranged before Easter. It is also stated that Austria considers her war aims achieved, and wishes her enemies to state whether, if their aims concerning Austria have not been reached, they could be reached by conference. The Austrian Ambassador has hinted unofficially, though clearly, in Madrid that Austria naturally remains Germany's ally, but will not stake her existence on that alliance, in view of the strong feeling prevalent among the Austro-Hungarian people in favour of an early national peace." Wonderful, isn't it? Berlin is trembling because Vienna is ready to break away. Austria's offer is real and sincere. Peace *is* in the air. The Kaiser wants it because he knows he is beaten; the German people pray for it because their stomachs influence their hearts. All is propitious for the hour of our victory. But *we must be sure of the People's food.* We cannot dictate terms on an empty stomach. And to ensure food we must make ourselves self-supporting. The submarine—it is criminal to disguise the fact—is sinking our grain ships and reducing our daily bread. Yet there is no occasion for panic—all we need are practical methods.

To Keep Us Strong.

No one would accuse me of being indifferent to the needs of the Army. Every man who can be spared from the field and the factory should be sent to the trenches. But we must feed our people and keep stout the national heart, so that victory may find us grim and determined to exact the uttermost penalty from the foe. To demand that we shall live on war bread and—by the very nature of the flour to make that bread—use the offal which is needed for cattle and pigs, is to muddle national necessity and jeopardise the food of the people. Grow potatoes in ever increasing quantities—that is a prime requisite; encourage the breeding of pigs—that is another practical step. Good old England will provide all or nearly all we need, if the labour is forthcoming. I have condemned the spirit which shelters the "farmer's boy" behind the hay rick, and denies to the Army the sturdy sons of hill and dale. But there are limits to our capacity. Perhaps the Government will listen to the plea, which will be found on another page, for utilising the coloured races and thus relieving the pressure at home. Plough up your parks, if necessary; but first of all restore to cultivation the arable acres of Britain. Nothing now can deny to us the full fruits of triumph, if those who rule us will rule with foresight and common sense, and the nation responds—as I know it will—with splendid zeal and transcendent patriotism to every real and legitimate demand. A little patience, a little faith, united effort—and the enemy soon will be rolled in the dust!

THE HOITY-TOITY MAYOR.

HIS WORSHIP OF TYNEMOUTH SAYS "TUT TUT" TO BREAD CHARGE.

Though it may serve the purposes of Mr. Henry Gregg, Mayor of Tynemouth, to assume an attitude not only of innocence but injury, on being summoned at Wallsend for "having sold bread otherwise than by weight and of having delivered bread from a carriage without scales," that attitude does not square with the offence. "A trivial charge," he described it when the facts were proved against one of his employees. "In these times men should not be harassed by such matters. The law relating to the weighing of bread is more honoured in the breach than in the observance." It is about time that the Mayor of Tynemouth and other bakers up and down the country were taught that this lofty "tut-tut" is no answer to the infringement of the law. A baker has no more right to sell bread without weighing it than a butcher or a grocer has to sell meat or tea or sugar without weighing it. If he does so, the moral and legal inference is that he does it to the advantage of his own pocket. Contrary to the Mayoral tut-tut, with bread at present high prices there is a special reason why it should be weighed; it should be weighed for the protection of the poor. Fined 10s. costs, the Mayor had the audacity to tell the Bench, without rebuke, that "he was afraid he would contravene the law again to-morrow." That is a threat which ill befits one sworn to uphold the law. If he continues to send out his bread in his carts without scales, or refuses or neglects to weigh it, when requested, in the presence of the purchaser, he is liable to a fine of £5 for every offence. To cure him of his hoity-toity and tut-tut, that is the fine we should inflict on a summons of the kind. He "thought the Food Controller should put every one on a proper basis." That hope will probably materialise more speedily than he thinks. It is a shame, in face of the law, that "in these times," the poor—or for that matter anybody else—should be in doubt as to the weight of the loaf which hoity-toity, tut-tut bakers vend at the highest price they can exact.

BASE DESERTION.

FORMER CURATE'S DISGRACEFUL RECORD.

It is far from our desire to pillory the clergy when one of their number proves unworthy of his cloth. But when wrong and injustice are done it is our duty to speak out, and such a case of base desertion as that to which we now direct attention deserves public notice. At the Tredegar Police Court, Llewellyn Davies, now a public-house manager, but formerly a Clerk in Holy Orders and Curate-in-Charge at Aberbargoed, was summoned in respect of the desertion of his wife, who, with four young children, had finally become chargeable to the Bedwelty Guardians. The story was a disgraceful one. Through his notorious intimacy with a young woman in the village—his "loving May"—Davies was dismissed from his curacy, whereupon he ran away with his mistress, as heedless of his parental duties as of his marriage vows. He went away with £39, received the previous day from the Vicar, while he left his unhappy wife with an elaborately furnished house—furnished on the hire system—and with such a large unpaid grocer's account that she could not get another pennyworth of credit. The story of the struggle of Mrs. Davies would move a stone, but not the heart of a man so dead to all right feeling as the ex-curate. Since then he had been living in Scotland with the girl he had betrayed—never, apparently, giving a thought to his deserted wife and children, who, with the aid of a friend or two, were fighting a hand-to-hand struggle with starvation. In the whole pitiful story there is scarcely a gleam of light. An appeal from the injured and innocent wife to the Bishop of the diocese was left unanswered. From the Church whose sanctity her husband had desecrated, the poor woman expected and received no help. The deserted mother has still no security for the future. In her extremity she turns to us, wondering if it would be possible for her children to be admitted to some school or home, while she herself continues the struggle alone. Can any reader help?

Feel Seedy?
TAKE IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

THAT tired, run-down feeling, whether due to over-work, worry or mental strain, almost invariably connotes poorness of blood.

A Tonic is needed which will enrich the blood and restore energy: *id est*—Iron 'Jelloids.'

As the blood becomes enriched and strengthened by Iron 'Jelloids' you feel steadily better day by day. That tired, slack, run-down feeling leaves you, and you begin to feel fit and strong again.

A Chemists' Assistant, R.A.M.C., writes:—"Please send me a large box of Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A. I find they are the best things I can take"

Reliable Tonic for Men.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A.
For Anæmic Women.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
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Of all Chemists, a Fortnight's Treatment 1s. 3d. Large size 3s.

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FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS

Tells Readers "HOW I SECURED MY BEAUTIFUL HAIR."

SPECIAL INTERVIEW—**Gina Palerme's Interesting Revelation.**

IMMENSE GIFT OF 1,000,000 HAIR BEAUTIFYING OUTFITS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION (*See Special Free Coupon below.*)

FEW MORE beautiful women grace the English stage to-day than that loveliest of French actresses, Gina Palerme. A few years before the war Gina Palerme landed, unheralded, on our shores. A supreme favourite in France, it had long been her great ambition to be an "Entente" actress, for her true Parisian instinct told her that a British audience would welcome and appreciate the talent of the sister Country. Like Cæsar, she came, she saw, she conquered.

'If only for one thing," remarked Miss Palerme, while being interviewed recently, "I have to thank this country for teaching me how to care for my hair. Everyone knows how proud I am of my (I think I may say it without excessive vanity) beautiful and plentiful hair.

"Ever since I can remember I have cultivated and cared for it most assiduously but it has never been so resplendent, radiant, and beauteous as now. Shall I tell you why? It is only right and fair that I should, for I owe it entirely to British thought and skill.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" IS UNEQUALLED.

'I am a constant and conscientious practiser of the famous 'Harlene Hair-Drill,' a preparation and process that, to my mind, is unequalled for not only maintaining one's hair in its natural excellence, but adding generously to its charm and colour.

"Of course, I have used many other preparations in my time, but I have never yet found anything so consistent and so certain in its beneficial effects as Harlene Hair-Drill.'

Many other famous actresses and queens of the cinema theatres have added their testimony to the hair-beautifying qualities of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Letters have literally poured in to the Discoverer-Inventor of this most popular and uniformly successful method of growing luxuriant and beautiful hair.

TO-DAY'S GIFT OFFER TO EVERY READER.

In order to prove for yourself without cost, how easy it is to make your own hair more radiantly beautiful and healthy in appearance, you may apply for one of the 1,000,000 Free Four-Fold "Hair-Drill" Gift Outfits which are now being distributed. It will be sent you immediately you post the coupon below.

(Photo: Rita Martin.

MISS GINA PALERME

the popular and talented French actress. Everyone will read with special interest her impressive remarks on the subject of the cultivation of beautiful hair.

And see what a wonderful and complete Gift this is. It comprises:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food and Dressing in one.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this hair-growing exercise.

Once you have experienced the splendid hair-growing and hair-improving properties of "Harlene" after a Free Trial you will always be able to obtain future supplies from your local chemist at 1/-, 2/6, or 4/6 per bottle. (In solidified form, "Harlene" is now ready for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., sold in tins at 2/9, with full directions as to use). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1s/- per box of seven Shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, and 26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Dear Sirs,- Please send me your Free "Harlene" Fourfold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

JOHN BULL, 27/1/17. .....

CHRONIC ASTHMA

Cured Completely by Veno's.

Mr. Blatchford. Durham

Here is a case that shows what a blessing is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure to those who suffer from that terrible complaint—asthma.

Mr. William Blatchford, 12, Swinburn Terrace, Dipton, Co. Durham, suffered for 20 years from miner's asthma. He says: "I cannot praise Veno's enough for what it has done for me. I could hardly get my breath sometimes, and often I dared not go to bed for fear of suffocating, and even to walk out into the open air used to choke me up. But now I enjoy the best of health, and it is all through Veno's. Nothing but Veno's cured me."

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address: Box 817, THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure Instantly Relieves and Speedily Cures:

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS & COLDS.

11½d. a Bottle.

ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3 - size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

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Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Strong Rooms for the safe custody of deeds and other property provided or the use of the Bank's Customers.

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Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

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THE "JOHN BULL GUARANTEE."

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

We regret that in the advertisement of Messrs. Achille Serre, Ltd., which appeared in the November 25th issue of JOHN BULL, *the price given in a portion of the issue of 4/- for cleaning and pressing Overcoats, was incorrect, and should have been 4/6.*

5/6 Box of 25.
11/- Box of 50.

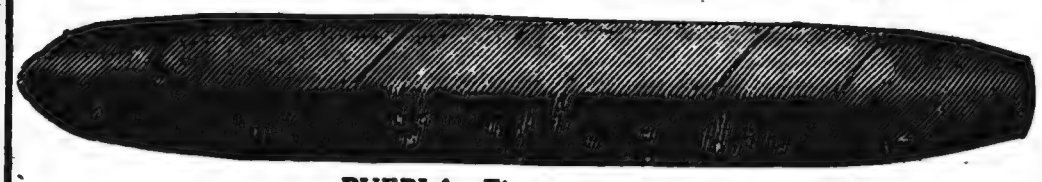
CHATSWORTH.
Extra Mild only.

No. 77 Cigar.

Carr. Paid.
4/3 Box of 25
8/6 „ „ 50
17/- „ „ 100

In three strengths—"Extra Mild," "Mild," "Medium."

Exact Size No. 6.
11/6 Box of 25. 22/- Box of 50.
42/- Box of 100.
No. 6 The Cigar ordered by His late Majesty King Edward VII.
In four strengths—"Extra Mild," "Mild," "Medium," "Full."



PUEBLA, Finest American.
5/- Box of 25. 10/- Box of 50.
Three shades, "Brown," "Dark Brown," "Dark."

I Thank You No. VI Extra Mild Excellent I Smoked the Cigars by You always supplying me with Them superior of the price a better than 39 Shillings Enclosed. Yours Truly Ernest. Best Cigars. No Nonsense

All goods carr. paid. If not satisfied after smoking 5 cigars return remainder, and we will refund full cost.

ADEY & Co.,
78, New Bond Street, London, W.

Try this CAFÉ AU LAIT

With Milk and Sugar at present prices, "Milkmaid" Café au Lait provides the opportunity for a real war-time Economy. Just a spoonful of Milkmaid Café au Lait — boiling water — and there you are, the finest coffee you ever tasted, and the cheapest. Made in a moment — neither sugar nor milk required. Try a tin to-day, but be sure you get the genuine

MILKMAID
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

LEAVES NO "GROUNDS" FOR COMPLAINT.

A delightfully invigorating and sustaining beverage, identical in every respect with the true French Café au Lait.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price, 4d., 7½d., and 1/2 per tin.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH

OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. BONAR LAW.

Mornin', sir! . . . Well, sir, I'm not sure as I *shall* shave you! . . . *Wot's wrong?* Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I've got a bone to pick with you. . . *Wot over?* W'y, somethink you said in a speech larst week. At that great War Loan meetin' in Glasgow it was. You sed the wimmin must use their influence to get their men to save somethink to shove in the War Loan. Well, I've shaved you orf an' on fur some time now, sir, an' I think per'aps you knows me fairly well by this time. But I'll guarantee if you'd known my missus you'd never 'ave made that remark. You'd 'ave 'ad too much consideration fur me. I've always shaved you careful, an' missed the pimple w'enever there was one, an' yet you goes an' does me a dirty trick like thet! 'Ard, I calls it. Dam'd 'ard! The life I've 'ad since the missus read it in the paper! Shockin'! We was at breakfast w'en she comes acrorss it. "Lis'en to this 'ere," she ses—an' then she reads it out. "Now, me man," she ses, "I'm goin' to use my influence to prevent you wastin' yore substance in riotous livin', an' bung it in the Vic'try War Loan instead of shovin' it over the bar!" Now, I'm a very moderate man, sir. My 'abits is moderate an' regular. I ain't like some barbers, wot as soon as they've done a thrippenny shave 'and it over to the nearest pub. I 'as nuthink in the 'ouse, so I reckon thet at twelve o'clock, w'en the dores open, I'm intitled to a half of bitter. It don't do no 'arm. It does me good, an' keeps the money circulatin'. Of course, if ennybody in there ses "'Ave another?" I 'as it. I ain't so rood as to refuse a friendly invitation to 'elp to keep the 'ome fires burnin'. But now the missus ses I'm to cut out the twelve o'clock glass. "Seven threes is twenty-one," she ses, "an' twenty-one is one-an'-nine. Fifty-two times one-an'-nine is four pound eleven a yer. Add nine bob to thet an' there's five pounds of Vict'ry Loan. Thet's wot you've gotter do, me man!" she ses. So now I'm docked of me midday refresher, an' presently she'll put a stopper on me one o'clock gin an' Italian! *Thet's* wot you've done fur me, sir, an' I don't thank you for it. She means it, too! She ses she'll set in the shop an' take the money in fucher, so all I shell git is the tips gen'l'men like you is kind enough to add to the price. It's pritty 'ard, sir, arfter a 'ardworkin' an' useful life of toil to 'ave the wife wot you've slaved for—an' shaved for—butt in an' take charge of the stuff you earn rubbin' yore fingers to the bone on stiff chins. Now, was it necessary to make thet remark, sir? Was it wise to encourage wimmin to be meaner than they nach'relly are? . . . Well, p'raps "mean" ain't the word. Let us say "close." I'm to do without my beer, but will she forego 'er blouse? I *don't* think. I knows 'er. . . . Thank you, sir. Much obliged. You've done pretty well since the wore broke out, sir. Pity you've spoilt yoreself by sayin' a thing like thet. . . Good mornin', sir.

"LOOK AT THE MAP!"

A HUN TO HIS KAISER.

"Look at the *map!*" your Majesty?
What is the map to me?
Look at my starving children, sire—
Fruit of your "victory"!
Look on my dead son's shattered form,
Slain on the Western front!
If his life purchased victory,
Why do I bear the brunt?
If his life purchased victory,
Where is my children's meat?
If this is the price of victory,
All Highest, give us defeat!

"Look at the *map!*" I've *looked*, sire,
And what is the thing I see?
Great and prosperous Germany
Shorn of each colony!
Where is the stately shipping
That traversed the oceans wide,
Or, riding into Hamburg,
Brought wealth on every tide?
And why in our ports lie skulking
The keels of our mighty fleet?
All Highest, if this is victory,
For God's sake, give us defeat!

"Look at the *map!*" I'm looking—
But long though I gaze and stare,
I find, great Hohenzollern,
Little that comforts there.
True, our frontiers are wider,
Farther our flag now flies,
But—this is the spot, All Highest,
Where my dead son now lies!
Look from your palace window
On the maimed men in the street!
If they are the price of victory,
I pray God for defeat!

"Look at the *map!*" I hate it!
Show me some food instead!
Bring back my ruined business
And give back my son, who's dead!
Bring back those days of pleasure,
Prosperity and peace,
Through which we saw our German wealth
And happiness increase!
Bring back the friendly faces
We never more may greet!
Since victory means misery,
Then win for us—defeat!

"Look at the *map!*" I curse it!
Why crave we neighbours' land,
If gaining it we lose what's more—
The grip of a friendly hand?
Your insane lust of conquest
Has won us world-wide hate—
Remember Naboth's vineyard
And the envious neighbour's fate!
Hearken, All Highest Kaiser—
Not only *I* entreat:
If these are the fruits of victory,
Then give to us defeat! W. M.

Hunger Insomnia.

Try this Simple Cure.

PUT everything aside for half an hour before going to bed. Try not to think of your worries and anxieties. Mix up a cup of rich GLAXO. Quietly and slowly sip this whilst it is hot.

It relieves the blood pressure from the brain, diverting it to the stomach in the process of digestion. GLAXO being easily and quickly digested, this activity is mild and gentle, causing what might be termed anæmia of the brain, which is another method of expressing sleep.

Glaxo is all nutriment in a form which can be easily digested. It is that best of all foods—milk with added cream and milk sugar—the Glaxo process dries the milk to a powder and makes it germ free—the curd light and flaky; all you have to do is to mix it with boiling water.

Glaxo

In Tins, 1s., 2s., and 5s.

Glaxo (Dept. 35), Marcol House, 155, Great Portland Street, W.

Proprietors: Joseph Nathan & Co., Ltd., London, and Wellington, N.Z. [1941]

"TIZ" for Aching Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet, burning corns, and chilblains.

"Ah! Boys, TIZ is the thing!"

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin and bunions. It's fine for chilblains. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and dreary repetition can ever give you. Thousands have done so for twelve years. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

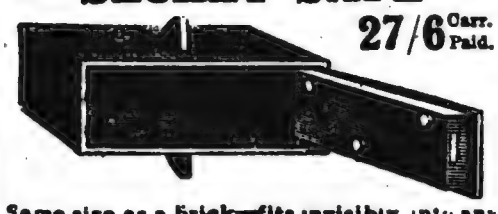
which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a Course for Beginners *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as may fit your case.

A Typical Letter:
I can never thank you sufficiently. I consider it a very definite privilege to be taught by such an artist and so great a master of teaching.—Mrs. L. P. (Abingdon).

Mr. H. BECKER.
81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London

YOU NEED THIS SECRET SAFE

27/6 Carr. Paid.



Same size as a brick—fits invisibly into any of your walls—will keep your money, private papers, jewellery and other valuables, far safer than a drawer, box, or ordinary safe. The size of an ordinary brick, it can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, 27/6; 13 ins. wide, 33/6. Sent car. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Sent without lugs unless specially ordered.
Customer writes: "*Am pleased with safe; key plug arrangement is very ingenious.*" Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—
BRICK SAFE CO., 160, Morville St., Birmingham

THE "SPORTING TIMES" NEW RACING COMPETITION.

No Entrance Fee,

£100 to NOTHING for the "S.P." RETURN.

Also Consolation Prizes of
FULL ODDS to each CORRECT "S.P."

For full particulars see Paper Published every Friday.
"S.T." Racing Wires over 20 points up.

Order from your Newsagent or from—
THE MANAGER, "S.T.,"
18, REGENT STREET, LONDON S.W.

WEAK NERVES

Health and happiness are impossible where nerve weakness exists. My **FREE BOOK** (intensely interesting) shows how **lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fag, self-consciousness,** etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. My treatment succeeds when all else has failed. Be EFFICIENT! Stop failing, and become the success you were meant to be. Enclose 2 stamps, mention ailment. Sympathetic and expert reply by return: DO IT NOW!
THOMAS INCH. Dept. B, 74, Clarendon Road, PUTNEY, LONDON S.W.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

Bob Cotton, whose home is in Bermondsey, is a fighter—physically, temperamentally, and, I should say, by choice. Lance-Corporal Wye is a boxer. The two met at the National Sporting Club, and regaled one of the biggest khaki gatherings I have seen in the theatre of the dear old place since the war. Wye, so it seemed, had brought all his officers with him and, apparently, every may who could be spared from camp also. And, in a way that I scarcely expected of him, he made his affair with Cotton not only an intensely interesting spectacle, but proved that sheer boxing can triumph over avowed fighting. Wye—perhaps because he was the pet of Grove Park, where I believe he is stationed—pulled the best out of himself. He had no such punch as Cotton carried, nor that vicious something that can, and very often does, end a fight in a twinkling.

WYE'S WISDOM.

Wye is just a good boxer, who remembered—on this occasion, at least—all his masters had taught him. Out with the left, straight, making every use of his feet, never trying to do too much—that was the plan of campaign mapped out by the soldier. And not only was this so, but he drew freely upon his intelligence; he thought out things. In the first round Cotton taught him to be cautious, for the straw-colour-haired boy from Bermondsey (were he bigger, he would almost pass for the American, Frank Moran) brought him to his knees in a way that many people thought meant the finish of the contest.

SCIENCE *v.* STRENGTH.

It looked as if Cotton was to be an easy winner, but thereafter Wye, by clinging tenaciously to the best rules of boxing, made most of the points. In the eleventh round, however, he came perilously near being knocked out; only his clear thinking and ringcraft saved him. Recovering quickly from a very bad time, he sailed along merrily, his left hand, to the old campaigner, being a thing of joy. My friend, John Douglas, must have seldom declared a winner so readily as he did Wye, and no decision was more popular.

WHERE WELSH IS WANTED.

So Freddie Welsh is said to have been beaten the other night at Milwaukee by one Richie Mitchell; which means nothing, for the contest was of the no-decision variety—a fatuous arrangement which we, in this country, would not cross the road to see. I should not be at all surprised if Welsh, through his friends, declared he won anyhow. No one here cares two straws. What I would say about Welsh is this: When he returns to this country we who are blessed with anything like long memories will not forget that, whilst most of our boxers have been fighting or preparing to fight Germans, he has been raking in the shekels. Welsh has made a great mistake in keeping out of khaki. Champion or no champion, he should be with the Colours. There is another of his countrymen, Llew Edwards, merely boxing, and Kid Lewis, the young East-ender, too. The day has long gone when the trained athlete could afford to escape service. If Jimmy Wilde, whom one could comfortably sport as a pendant to one's watch-chain, and who has been twice rejected as being medically unfit, can be a soldier, well—— I will say no more.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 20th.

000,164	290,301	608,467	889,443	A189,659
031,390	356,576	623,853	913,768	A241,331
078,829	382,929	657,382	945,352	A288,780
114,157	423,748	680,005	952,973	A326,255
167,992	441,342	743,216	974,721	A353,804
183,117	465,836	762,621	A031,449	A395,284
191,180	492,321	791,475	A047,692	A402,466
220,061	514,100	800,191	A083,875	A449,811
245,437	539,426	830,616	A112,922	A491,697
274,829	573,535	854,244	A136,586	A536,363

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Jan. 31st).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for January 20th, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 064,268 and A147,220. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to the great increase in the cost of both raw material and workmanship, we regret that from 1st February, until further notice, we shall be compelled to make the very slight increase of threepence in the price of the "JOHN BULL" PEN. This addition barely covers the extra cost to ourselves, and at the earliest possible moment the old prices will be restored. Until February 1st all Pens will be supplied on the existing terms.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.

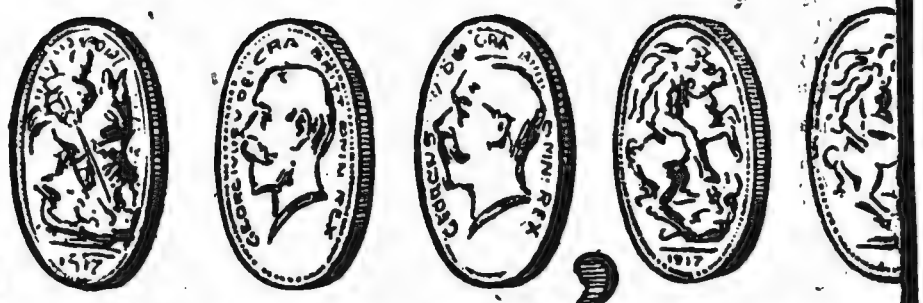
DE LUXE MODEL 1/- EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.
(Jan 27. 1917.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

£,000,



Invest your *Pounds* in War Loan
—your *Pence* in

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Both help the Boys at the Front.

Wrigley's is always a safe investment—safe to yield 100 per cent. more pleasure in life. It is so delightfully comforting and sustaining, and helps to drive away fatigue. Aids digestion, too, and keeps the teeth in fine condition. Every soldier appreciates the **sterling** qualities of Wrigley's. If you want to please a soldier friend just send him a supply to-day!

½d. bar, 5 bars 2½d.; 40 bars 1/6

Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Stores).

One bar—one day's supply.

• • • • • •

WRIGLEY'S Ltd.,
Lambeth Palace Road, S.E.

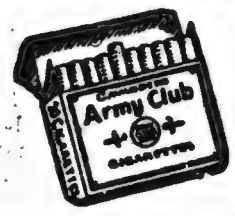
Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

"MACHINE-GUN OFFICER."

The other night I heard two old Dug-outs (good sports in their way) holding forth about the youngsters in the Army. Well, I looked round at one of our classes and wondered what they'd say if they saw them. They may be kids. . . . . but . . . they are as keen as mustard, and have an eye like an eagle for their gun . . . and for a good cigarette.

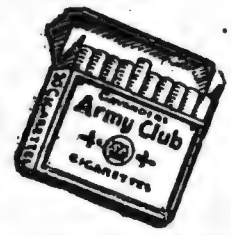
Cavander's "ARMY CLUB" Cigarettes

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.



We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any member of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.

Packets of 10 can be obtained in those convenient paper pockets for 4½d.



NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 26 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 23 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 3 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

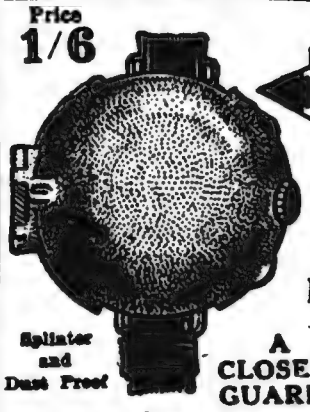
Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6, Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 500, 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting.

VITA CO. (Dept. J.), 30, Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

100 COPIES in 10 MINUTES. Handwriting, Typewriting, Letters, Drawing, Music, Menus, in one or various colours. The PLEX DUPLICATOR supersedes all old fashioned methods. Used by Government Offices, the Army and Navy & Business Houses everywhere. British made and owned. Money returned if not satisfactory. Foolscap size. Post Free U.K. ESCO, LIMITED 227a, High Holborn, **15/-** London. Agents wanted.

The ONLY Protector that REALLY Protects. | THE | Two REVERSIBLE Protectors in One

Price **1/6**



PLEASE TURN OVER
P.T.O. PROTECTOR

Price **1/6**

WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Splinter and Dust Proof — **A CLOSED GUARD** } OR { **AN OPEN GUARD** — Shielded Face Time Seen

In Four Sizes. Nickel or Khaki Finish. Fits any Watch. Sold by all Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.; or, if unobtainable, send 1/6 to—

P.T.O. PROTECTOR, 60-61 Red Lion St., Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

War Time BARGAIN in ELECTRIC FLASH LAMPS 5,000 strong, handsomely finished flash lamps containing famous London made Battery, powerful Bulbs, issuing a brilliant and lasting light. Strongly packed in boxes and sent post free immediately to any address in the U.K. for **1/11** Send postal order to-day. DAVIS MANUFACTURING CO., 61-63, Lambeth Street, Commercial Road, Aldgate, E.

Send WOOLLEN Socks to the Trenches.

It is false kindness to send Cotton Goods.

KHAKI Allwool Socks 1/10 per pair.
KHAKI Helmet-Mufflers (All-wool) 2/10.

Best Quality. Post free by return.
THOMSON'S, Drapers, LEIGH, Lancs.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS

You may rely on satisfaction when answering advertisements in "John Bull." See Guarantee . . on page 17. . .

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Tommy's Shower Bath.

Some of the men of No. 2 Base, in France, are not exactly enjoying the climate; those who complained to us are lodged in very thin, very rotten, and very leaky tents. At the time when they wrote us it had rained practically for a fortnight on end, with the result that the unfortunate chaps had to hang up their waterproof sheets to catch the shower bath. Surely, the Quartermaster can do something better than this for them?

A Misl-ading Menu Sheet.

The Major of a battery of artillery in Sussex conceived the idea of having a fine bill of fare pinned up in the dining-room each day. As printed, it indicates meals that would tickle the palate of a "Ritz" patron; but the proof of the fare is the eating of it. The Tommies write to us that the tea is "good water spoiled"; the second course at breakfast is "swank"; the vegetables are unclean; the cheese is small in quantity, and "would make good mouse-bait"; and the soup is "clear water adulterated with grease." Notwithstanding the appetising menu, the men spend most of their spare cash on food in the dry canteen, just in the old familiar way.

Torturing Our Heroes.

The Embarkation Department at Southamptor stands in need of overhauling. When the transports, laden with troops, come alongside, one miserable gangway is used for the disembarkation of the men, who come down it one by one, and give their names to an official. The work of unloading, consequently, often takes several hours, the men being compelled to be on deck, in the worst of weather, during the process. We suggest that three gangways should be used, which would enable the ship to be emptied in a third of the time taken at present. Of course, the French have many special difficulties to contend with, but we think some means might be devised to save our returning heroes from having to wait at the stations for two or three hours in the early morning during bitter weather. The travelling, too, is unconscionably slow—the other day a troop train occupied twenty-five hours in running from Amiens to Havre, a journey which normally occupies but a fifth of that time. The officers suffer with the men, being refused permission to pay their own fares by ordinary passenger trains.

In Defence of Rhyl.

A fortnight ago we mentioned the fact that, on Monday evenings, the Queen's Skating Rink, at Rhyl, was open only to civilians and officers—a regulation which, on the face of it, looks snobbish. We have received a letter from the Secretary and General Manager, who puts a different complexion on the matter. The regulation has been insisted upon by the Military Authorities, and the Provost Officers visit the rink to see that it is carried out. This explanation will convince our soldiers that no slight is meant for them; and they will readily admit that few institutions in the country do more for the happiness of the serving men.

The Cameron Men.

We have some letters from one of the battalions of the Camerons—at a certain front that looms very large just now. They ask us what is being done with the articles collected in Inverness for the comfort of the regiment, explaining that they never see or hear anything of them. Perhaps the Secretary of the Fund will take the matter up.

Suffering at Salisbury.

The Australians, having been brought up in their own splendid climate, are suffering very much from the conditions at Larkhill Camp. They are not by any means grousers, but they kick against having to go through the training syllabus in the present vile weather on the Plains. When there is sleet and snow it makes no difference—everything has to be done in the open, as there are no sheds or huts that might be used for the purpose of lectures, etc. If the Medical Officer forwards a full report to the War Office, somebody there will arch his eyebrows.

A Savage Sentence.

We read in the orders of No. 40 Base Depot:—"S.S. Major ——, R.F.A., for overstaying his leave one day, forfeits 28 days' pay, also 2 days by Royal Warrant. (Signed), G. T. Batchelor, 2nd Lieut. and Acting Adjutant." The man, we have ascertained, got special leave to come to London to regulate his business, which is being run by his daughter. He unfortunately did not allow himself time to catch the return train, and therefore could not re-camp until next day. In addition to the financial loss, he would suffer through the "crime" being reported against him. We consider this sentence to be monstrous.

A Moan from Meerut.

We hear from the Somersets, at Meerut, that they were recently brought out for training. They marched through the heat of the day with their overcoats strapped on their backs. After sunset they were allowed to don them; but at 1 a.m., when it was bitterly cold, they were ordered to strap their overcoats again on their backs, and practise a night attack. The costume of each man consisted of the tunic and a pair of drill shorts—knickers that reach the knee. The weather was bitterly cold, and the regiment suffered severely. All round, they seem to have a strange way of doing things in India.

Good News for Kingstown.

Many sailors of the Kingstown Base, particularly those of the trawler section, have complained to us lately about their treatment by a certain official. We advise them to wait for a short time—and see. All will be set right.

For the Admiralty.

Some single men of the Grand Fleet ask us when the Admiralty will give them consideration. They complain that their pay has not been increased since the outbreak of war, although the price of clothing, etc., has soared upwards. We leave it to Whitehall.

The Drifter Men's Dissatisfaction.

Men of the Falmouth Base have also a grievance. After rolling and pitching in the Channel for four days, they come back to harbour for two—during which time they are called upon to unload colliers, as well as to get their own ships ready for the next patrol. The men of the Service obtain very scant leave, and there is often a touch of the Prussian system in their general treatment.

Fish and Flesh.

Some of the Milford Haven men write to us asking why the crews of the patrol boats not commanded by Lieutenants are without warm suits—which are issued, free, to boats where naval officers are on board. They tell us that they are much tantalised by the sight of the comfortably-clad men on the flag-ships, while they stand shivering on the decks. There is no reason why the Admiralty should make fish of one man and flesh of another.

Another Injustice to Jack.

The crews of other ships round the coasts complain that when they are sent to escort trawlers, minesweepers, etc., they call in at different ports each night, and are compelled to purchase their food at the present high shore prices, though the sum allowed to them is but 1s. 5d. a day. Out of this niggardly pittance the hungry sailor can, of course, buy very little, and, consequently has to add 6d. to 1s. a day of his own money.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

MRS. E. (Chiswick).—As you were absent from the London district for five weeks and did not continue to pay the rent meanwhile, your London allowance is cancelled according to regulations, and cannot be restored. The authorities will pay no heed to the fact that you were compelled by ill-health to live away from the Metropolis.

T. G. (Willesden).—You are, unfortunately, not entitled to a pension, as you contracted your illness on home service. There is talk of this unjust regulation being altered by Royal Warrant.

MRS. S. L. (Seymour Street).—As your child is in a State-aided institution, the deduction from your separation allowance is in accordance with regulations.

STELLA N. (Durham).—As you were separated from your husband at the time of his enlistment, you are not entitled to an allowance.

C. H. (Brixton).—The money is made up as follows: 12s. 6d. for yourself, 5s. for the child, and 3s. 6d. London Area allowance. This includes the compulsory 3s. 6d. out of your husband's pay.

"MIDDLESEX" (Acton).—See the local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee at the Town Hall. You are entitled to a supplementary allowance.

N. J. (Chester).—If your husband accepts a commission, you will not be entitled to separation allowance. The only organisation granting maintenance money is the Officers' Families' Fund, which is located at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. Thomas Green, 21097, B Coy., Lancashire Fusiliers; L./Cpl. A. Whitmore, 906, C Coy., London Regt.; Pte. W. J. Long, 959, A. Coy., 1st Middlesex; Pte. Jack Hill, 5246, C Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. W. Killpack, 16745, B Coy., Leicesters; Pte. H. W. Smith, 5381, C. Coy., 1/6 Glosters; Pte. Thos. Foley, 19914, Manchester Regt.; Pte. John McAndrew, 151092, 3rd Division, 16th Canadian Scottish Highlanders; Pte. Geo. Rawling, West Riding Regt.; L./Cpl. R. A. Thomas, 7/7538, King's Royal Rifles; Pte. John McEwan, 1129, 7th Division, 1st Seaforth Highlanders; Pte. A Day, 4523, Sherwood Foresters; L./Cpl. Llew. Pritchard, 21451, A Coy., R.W. Fusiliers; Pte. G. Rawlings, 4387, C Coy., Duke of Wellington's Regt.; Rfn. Robert Arkers, 4581, P.O. Rifles, London Regt.; Rfn. W. J. Mears, 4634, London Regt.; Pte. J. R. Langton, 18830, Lincolns; Pte. Edward Rae, 38397, K.O.Y.L.I.

GROWS NEW HAIR IN TWO WEEKS.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.

Most men take baldness as something inevitable, as though it were a kind of Income Tax or Water-Rate—though why, it passes understanding. There is no more reason why hair should cease to grow on the top of the head than on the sides of the face—and most men have to shave to the end of their days, or wear a beard. If you are finding the hair growing grey or getting thin in patches, buy a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic, and use it according to directions. As a business man you know the value and the meaning of a guarantee. Well, the chemist who sells you the bottle will give you his *own* personal guarantee that Lavona Hair Tonic will prevent your hair from falling out, grow new hair on the bald places, and turn the grey and faded colour to its original shade, or he will *give you your money back*. Lavona Hair Tonic is put up in attractive sprinkler stoppered bottles, retailing at only 2s. 11d. per bottle. It is not a secret preparation, being prepared from the well-known old-fashioned formula calling for 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, 3 oz. bay rum, and ½ dram menthol crystals, which can be mixed at home or by your chemist; but if you wish the guarantee of satisfaction or money back, always ask for Lavona Hair Tonic—"the kind that's guaranteed."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA SHAMPOO POWDERS, which contain 2½ per cent. of Lavona de Composee, thus promoting hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price 1s. everywhere. (Advt.).

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from **£3 15s.** The 6ft. 4in. size at **£5 15s.** cash or 15 monthly payments of **8s. 6d.** is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from **£13 10s.** cash or in 13 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington

London Showrooms, 147, *Aldersgate St., E.C.*

PEACE IN THE TRENCHES.

Our Soldiers' Best Friend in the Trenches is

Somerville's Asiatic Body Cord.

Exterminates all body vermin and prevents them lodging on the person or underclothing for a long time. 1s. each; post, inland or to the front, 2d. Ask for and be sure you get Somerville's, from Chemists, or

G. SOMERVILLE, Chemist, 2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio WITH THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier's wife had two children. She lost one of them a couple of months ago, and the other is now dying. At her wits' end to obtain the necessary sinews of war to fight her sad case, she came to us—and we saw her through.

A discharged soldier was summoned for the awful crime of hawking without a licence. He was fined, and a few hours after the well-fed, merciful magistrate had given his decision, the man's wife presented him with another olive branch, bringing the tally up to four. The unfortunate fellow was discharged from the Army in consequence of having been gassed and wounded, and enjoys the princely pension of 4s. 8d. a week. We very naturally set him on his feet.

A soldier joined in August, and a few days later his wife was confined. Last week the little baby died, the poor woman having no money with which to pay the funeral fees. To make matters worse, the husband's Commanding Officer refused him leave to come home to help her. We acted in the way our subscribers would desire.

A man—with two children—was sent back from the Army, medically unfit, on the minimum pension of 4s. 8d. He could not find light employment, and has been "turned down" by various Government works which are supposed to take on old soldiers. We gave him something to put in his pocket, and found him a suitable situation.

A discharged soldier, lying on his death bed, wrote to us appealing on behalf of his mother. It was a distressing story of want, as the lad had no pension. In less than two hours after he had penned his request to us, he passed away. It is hardly necessary to say that we carried out his dying wish.

A soldier's little daughter, who was uninsured, died very suddenly. The bereaved mother was not in a position to bear the funeral expenses, and had no friends in the district, having but recently moved there. She placed her case before us with the usual result.

Will applicants to the Fund note that pawn-tickets alone are not sufficient proof of destitution? A man who pledges his watch may have done so through being in dire straits, owing to no fault of his own; on the other hand, he may be "hard up" as the result of a bout of dissipation and neglect of work, which has plunged his family into distress. An Army discharge paper, too, is not conclusive. It certainly shows that the man was in the Service, but it does not supply evidence that he has unsuccessfully attempted to obtain work. Genuine cases are readily helped, but we cannot—in duty to those who generously subscribe the money—throw it away on professional cadgers, who live on charity and scorn the idea of work.

A young soldier wrote to us on behalf of his widowed mother, who, as the result of a terrible accident some years ago, lost her sight. Her husband died recently, and she was left alone in poverty. We need hardly say we at once took the case up.

Many people living on their small Army pension, find that they cannot make ends meet, and come to us for our assistance. It does not seem to be generally known that the War Pensions Committees readily supplement the pensions when circumstances justify the increase. A widow desiring a supplementary pension should fill in a form obtainable from the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, whose name and address can be found at the Post Office or Town Hall.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Kuala Kubu," 2s.; "Inasmuch," 2s.; F. E. T. (Limerick), 10s.; "No. 119608's Kid," 3s.; Christmas Dinner Collection by, the Mercantile Cooks and Stewards of H.M.S. *Reliance* (per W. B.), £1 1s.; "Shaykyt," 10s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Vice Versa," 1s.; "Over Age," £1; European Drivers, Kuala Lumpur Shed, F.M.S. Rlys. (10th subscription), £2 7s. 1d.; Proceeds of Concert by Second Class Passengers on board s.s. *Suwa Maru* (per J. McW.), £5 4s. 6d.; "8382," 2s.; "Tommy's Wife," 6d.; Anon., 6d.; "Southwark," £1; E. R. C. (Kentish Town), 1s.; M. J. N., 1s.; G. S., 2s.; A. A. (Kensington), 5s; P. V. N. (Hampstead), 10s. 6d; "Peter's Mother," 2s 6d.; J. B., 1s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; A. B. C., 10s.; Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift*, £1 18s. 6d., "Cannon," 1s. 6d.; J. E. W., 6d.; Result of Whist Drive at Gressingham School (per B.M.), £2 10s.; Anon., 1s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1 7s.; J. McN., 1s.; "Anxious," (Clevedon), 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 6d.; "One Who Knows," 1s.; D. B. (New York City), £2; Mrs. A. W., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Tajima," 10s.; Mrs. C. (Guernsey), 1s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "Legal Inquirer," 1s.; Mrs. A. P., 1s.; T. W. H. (Harrow), £2; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; Sergeants' Mess, 153 British General Hospital, Mesopotamia, £10; G. M. (Stockton), 2s.; E. A. B., 2s. 6d.; C. H., 1s.; "Game of House, s.s. *Bhamo*," 5s.; "Constant Reader," 2s. 6d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. C. Besser, "Black Horse," 19, Tottenham Court Road, W., 3s. 1d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, 8s. 4d.; Councillor E. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 48, Broad Street, Albert Embankment, 7s.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, S.E., 3s. 6d.; Mr. W. Carlton, "The Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 10s. 4d.; Mr. W. F. Lygo, "Cock and Bottle," 13, China Walk, Lambeth Road, S.E., 4s. 1d.; Mr. I. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 5s. 8d.; Mr. Geo. Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, N., 10s. 1d.; Mr. W. A. Taylor, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 4s. 8d.; Miss K. Weller, 55, Yewfield Road, Willesden, 1s. 8d.; Mr. H. Levy, "Artesian Arms," 80, Richmond Road, Bayswater, 7s. 5d.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. T. Cecil Warren, University Bar, Old Torry, 3s. 6d.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Harbourne, 2, St. Saviour's Road, Saltley, 3s. 6d.

LEEDS.—Mrs. H. Hall, 87, Kirkgate, 8s. 4d

LEICESTER.—Miss M. Niblett, Albion Street, 2s. 6d.

YORK.—Mr. J. B. Mummery, Naburn Locks, £1

YSTRAD RHONDDA.—Mr. F. Shortman, 67, Gelligaled Road, 2s. 7d.

MARSEILLES.—Messrs. Gordon and Pratt, London and New York Bar, 6, Rue de la Tour, £1 13s. 7d.

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

J. M. H. 22s. 6d.; "Dot," 1s. 3d.; "Portobello," 1s.

There would be a Shortage of Milk if Brewing were further curtailed

"In our large towns brewing supplies a very valuable foodstuff for milch cows. To cut it off suddenly would seriously imperil the milk production of this country, and is a point that in future legislation the country must realise and bear in mind."

President of the Board of Agriculture, 6th January, 1917.

—and of Bacon:

Among "the cheapest and most suitable foods" for pigs are brewers' grains.

Board of Agriculture Statement, 10th January, 1917.

Beer is a Temperance Drink

"The outbreak of drunkenness in Carlisle during the past year was solely due to spirits."

Chief Constable of Carlisle.—*Daily News*, 2nd January, 1917.

Beer is necessary to maintain the Army's strength and the Authorities take care that the Army gets it.

Parliament has already reduced the output of Beer by a third, so that nearly half the present production goes to the Army.

If the supply were cut down further

Munition Workers

would go short of their needed supplies of

Britain's BEST Beverage

and the

Rest of the Community

would have none.

Curtailment would also mean a Further Increase in Price

Because—

the cost of production, apart from materials, would be divided among a smaller number of barrels; and so each barrel would cost more.

Further Curtailment would be False Economy

Because—

The Working Man and Woman's glass of Beer would be more expensive;
The supply of Milk would be shortened, and its cost raised
Poultry, Pigs, and Cattle would cost more to raise;
The lack of Beer would mean the extraction of less Nutriment from Solid Food;
There would therefore be a larger Consumption of Solid Food;
There would also be a much larger Consumption of Tea and Coffee and Cocoa; which all come from abroad, and occupy much tonnage space and transport labour;
And the increased Consumption of these Beverages and Mineral Waters would involve a large inroad upon our Sugar supplies

The supply of Yeast, valuable for Invalid Foods, and essential for Bread, would be shortened—"practically no baker makes his own Yeast if he can buy it"

W. C. Hepworth, Yeast Merchant.

And the Revenue would Lose many Millions.

There is nothing to put in the place of

BEER—a necessity to the Strength of Britain.

"We've won on Beer before; we'll win with Beer again."

INDIGESTION CURED

No sufferer from Indigestion or Constipation need suffer any longer if he will send for an illustrated my text book. My system includes advice on diet, exercises, baths, the need of fresh air, &c. My text book, together with a sample of the Dr. Young Tablets, will be sent on receipt of 6d.—which is returnable to the sender if he returns the booklet within three days. Dr. Young Co. (Dept. J.B.), 5, Sun Pier, Hastings.

DR. YOUNG'S EXERCISE SYSTEM MEDICINAL

HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY CORPL. T. S. WILBURN, OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver or kidney disorders, and in fact most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulation of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities and form the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of common refined *alkia saltrates* in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits or sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive, standard compound from any chemist, and I have personally proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days. —T. S. W.

For intestinal disorders use Kalsel.—ADVT

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d Soups

AN OLD NAME for A NEW FIRM!

We want every reader of this paper to send for our New Catalogue (post free), which is full of good things, and tells all about the New Seed Business with a world-wide name.

Note our Only Address:
ONE ALL SEED; Ltd Albans.

Freemans

A DISTINCTIVE READY SOUPS

AN APOLOGY.

IN thanking his numerous clients who have kindly ordered Steel Boots this season, MR. N. M RUTHSTEIN offers to them his sincere apologies for any inconvenience caused through the delay in making deliveries It has been solely due to the difficulties in obtaining material, coupled with the shortage of labour. All orders are dispatched at the earliest possible moment, but time required is now usually from three to four weeks. N. M. RUTHSTEIN, 104, Steelaries, Northampton.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents].

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., *and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.*

"GOLLIWOG" (Sussex).—No doubt you mean well in wishing that our shadow may never grow less. *Entre nous* our morning and evening prayer is, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

"KAT'S EYE" (Edinburgh).—Lots of us are looking for the punishment of "all culprits, whatever their station," when the real peace terms are formulated.

"AGINCOURT" (Monmouth).—"It is a saying in Monmouth that JOHN BULL and the *Daily Mail* run the war." That is an error, otherwise the war would have been over a year ago.

"THE MOKE."—"Professor George will cure the chaps who eat too much and drink too much champagne." It won't affect your diet—thistles.

A. C. G. (W. Hampshire) thinks that, with the levy *en masse*, the superiority of guns and munitions will be on the Germhun side next spring. That is not our view.

L.-CORP. J. V. (Manchester).—Deciding to settle date of war's finish by some number, the first number you saw was on one of our covers. After doing sums with the figures, you prophesy war ends on Mar. 6th, 1917. We register your prediction, and must now wait and—take notice.

C. H. (Kidderminster).—Headlines from a newspaper:—"Government Plans for Growing More Food. German Prisoners to be Used." As manure, perhaps.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE."—If that Recruiting Officer whom we told about shared the fortunes, food, and income of a soldier's family for a week, he would not buy many gold watches at the end of it.

W. H. T. (Finsbury Park).—"Keep Smiling." How can we help it when our friends are so kind?

"BEESWING" (Glasgow).—So you think German submarines might be caught in enlarged rat-traps—but we fancy our naval terriers will make shorter work of them.

S. S. (Stalybridge).—We shan't beat the Germans by "forming societies." The Royal Society for Smashing the Huns is already some seven millions strong.

"WOUNDED TOMMY" (Liss).—"Will you please inform us why Mr. John Burns left the Cabinet?" Certainly, as soon as ever J. B. informs us.

J. W. (Greendyke).—"The Government to commandeer all Corporative Societies' Stores; all shops to go by the prices of that Government store. All profit to increase the War Loan." Pity the poor "Corporative" members!

"NATIVE" (Forfarshire).—"At Arbroath and farther north young blood hangs about, and when older men come home on leave they pull out a handful of money and mock them." The young blood must be tapped.

"A READER."—"Girls at the tin works, aged 18 and over, only get 14s. 6d. a week—called Government pay. Is this wage sufficient?" As you are not permitted to leave, the answer is "No."

MRS. A. M. (St. Paul's).—Madame, we have tackled sugar till we feel as sour as a crab apple. Our hopes are that Lord Devonport, the new Director of the Diet, will soon get a move on.

"FREDA" (Herne Hill).—"There was a funny clergyman, His name was E. N. Dew, He used to preach at Golle wood, And worry not a few." Long ago we said what we thought of him.

"GLESCAE" (Partick).—Our opinion of the Glasgow Socialist paper you name is that it ought to have a large circulation in wrapping up fried fish and chips.

K. A. R. (Bayswater).—The L. G. O. Co. certainly ought to provide their conductresses with overcoats.

"PUBLICO."—"Please start a London Association for the Protection of Customers. We are getting rubbish at famine prices." Make it National; Londoners are not the only victims.

"MUNITION WORKER" (Darlington).—If farms are wasting and crops spoiling because the land is not drained, then somebody ought to drain it. Start in with a colander.

PTE. A. A. H.—"I purchased this at Southminster"—a postcard of the church, "Printed in Germany." *Why did you?*

J. M. (Padiham).—The Japs are supplying the Allies with a great deal of munitions.

C. W. S. (Folkestone).—Probably thousands of men medically unfit have been passed into the Army. Many of the Medical Boards are unconscionable.

MISS F. E. E. (Weymouth).—Our view is that prohibition would be an affront to, and an outrage on, the liberties of the vast majority of British people—who take drink like (ladies and) gentlemen and not like sots.

PTE. T. (Punjab) tells us that "It was not the fault of the Bombay ladies that the soap they gave to soldiers was German; very little but German goods are purchasable out there." It's sad hearing.

"ROYAL DEFENCE CORPS."—"This corps is working at the depot, Regent's Park Parcel Post, the rate of pay 6d. per day. German prisoners are getting 2d. per hour. Is this right? We say no." So do we.

"SERGEANT" (Egyptian Expeditionary Force).—"I am a black soldier of the Empire; was a journalist in America, came to London, and enlisted for foreign service. Am collecting doings of black men in this war." Our hearty congratulations, and, if we can assist, will do so with pleasure.

"A CAMERON'S WIFE" (Cromer).—"If you were a soldier's wife—" But why addle our brain with such wild assumptions? We are content to be just "us."

"DEBADGED."—"Controlled firm, ordered to debadge unskilled men, is debadging married men of 8 years' experience, and leaving single men new to any workshop." As that is dead wrong, have you combined to protest?

"ONE OF THE BOYS" (France).—Don't worry about the Rev. Mr. Sinclair's desire to stop your tot of rum when coming out of the trenches. It won't come off.

F. S.—"My grocer would only let me have a ½ lb. of sugar, which only weighed ¾." Buy another ½ lb., quick, and keep at it.

E. R. and T. H. (R.A.M.C.).—Sorry to hear it is no "picnic" at Oswestry. The diet we quoted was taken from an official chart, and you tell us it looks best on paper! So we register that fact.

"INQUIRER."—Though you live in a van on wheels, we think you will find the Borough will drop on you for rates, if you remain long enough.

"WORKER" (York).—The verses of your girl workmate reveal a truer vein of patriotic feeling than many finer compositions.

J. S. (Glasgow).—Sorry you were peeped at by a policeman; like his cheek!

"A READER OF 73."—You are evidently an enthusiast in the matter of pig-keeping, quite a whole-hogger in fact. Good luck to you, anyway!

"ALL BRITISH" (Lowestoft).—We have every sympathy with neglected genius, but when the Ministry of Munitions told you that your invention was "of no material value," they may have been speaking the truth according to their lights.

GUNNER H. G. F. (Canterbury).—Afraid cannot give you "the recruiting figures for London and Birmingham." Other cities might be jealous, and that would never do.

MRS. G. (Muswell Hill).—"Would that I could show in writing how I am one with you." Thus are we fondly flattered, yet so modest withal.

M. J. C. (Chelmsford).—"If the natives make sausages of them, quite good enough for Huns." But bad for the natives!

F. C. (Halifax).—Photographs of General Brusiloff have appeared in the war periodical, but perhaps if you dropped him a postcard he would send you an autographed portrait.

E. G. (Portsmouth).—It certainly seems rather extravagant to pay the Archbishop of Canterbury £15,000 a year, but, presumably, that's the "union rate" in the archiepiscopal line.

"LADY CURATES."—"Is it possible to cross bees with glowworms, so as the bees can work by night?" Chestnuts, dears. Eve asked Adam that question, and as he did not smile, it caused the first tiff on record.

"INDIGNANT FELLOW TRAVELLER."—"As the train, totally dark, was crossing the bridge at Putney a young woman flashed an electric torch. She left the train at East Putney." Why did nobody follow and report her?

F. C. (High Wycombe).—You, a small chairmaster, seven brothers serving, have not received treatment as favourable as the employees of other small chairmasters. We compliment you on your patriotic attitude, and wish you good luck.

JOHANNESBURG.—Will the sender of a banker's draft for £4 4s. from this city explain for what purpose the money is remitted?

G. C. (Stamford Hill).—"We have taken your paper in ever since my father was born, and that is 83 years in March." As you are a lady, we will only hint that you stretch truth to the breaking point.

"WOMAN DETECTIVE."—Hardly the kind of occupation we would advise. Why not become an Investigator? It sounds so much nicer. This week's *Everywoman's* contains an article on "Women Investigators: Their Work and Pay," which should interest you.

"INTERESTED READER."—Our main objection to foreign missions is the vast sums expended upon them which would be more usefully laid out on our own folk. Charity begins at home. Feed the British poor before converting a nigger.

ANONYMOUS (Sydenham).—Some of the big stores have secured exemption for quite young men, and it is "not fair" to older men and fathers of families.

MISS E. J. T. (Taunton).—"God bless you, merry gentlemen, When fighting or at play." Can print no more of your verse, for at that point the rhyme goes sour.

J. K. (I on on).—Have your 12-page letter. What is it about?

"FATHER" (Peckham).—We agree that the firm have "a peculiar taste in toys," in selling Teddy bears "nicely dressed as our wounded heroes."

F. W. (London).—Over and over again we have pointed out that many of the "Swiss" waiters in British hotels are Germhuns in disguise.

"ZEALOUS READER" (Penrhyndeudraeth).—Impossible to comment on every cruelty case. Wish it were within our power.

W. R. T. (Pembs.)—The present Minister of Agriculture knows his job, and we have every hope that he will do it.

MESSRS. SAMUEL BROS., LTD. (Outfitters, 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill), wish it to be known that they are in no way connected with Samuel's Stores, Ltd., Jewellers, etc., of 34 in that thoroughfare, and we can quite understand their desire to have this fact emphasised.

"CONSTANT READER."—If butter in Roman Road is marked up "2s. per lb.; 2ozs. for 3½d.," the shopkeeper should consult his ready reckoner.

L. T. (No address).—Letter on the Substitution scheme about four yards long, yet you coolly ask us to "put it all in." We have—in the basket!

W. Z. (Maxwelltown).—"Could we not use our Navy to smash all the Germhun coast to bits for about ten miles inland?" What about the Germhun mine fields and shore batteries?

"BULLETS" PRIZES.—Will Private R. Wood, 13365, Scots Guards, B.E.F. (awarded £1 in lieu of turkey), and Mrs. H. Lyons, late of Gorey, co. Wexford (awarded £2 10s.), please send present addresses?

R. D. (Belfast).—"A candid opinion of Mr. Norman Barclay, of Argyle House, Kensington High Street"? Certainly. He is a preposterous humbug.

"POSTCARD" (Bath).—The writer of the article said we were to tell you to go to Bath. When we said you *were* there, he said that in that case you might drown yourself, for all he cared.

"A CONSTANT READER."—"There are many fine young policemen in the West Riding ready to serve, if permitted." So there are in other places, and they should be released before old fellows are called on.

J. N. (Prudhoe-on-Tyne).—Because we quoted a reader who told us "bakers, drapers, parsons' sons, and grocers" were crowding into certain munition works, you say "we class bakers as shirkers." Not to-day, baker. The cap was intended to fit only where it was placed.

PTE. A. A. W. (Canterbury).—"At Broadstairs several houses are inscribed, 'Dickens Lived Here!' A gentleman has now put up a tablet, 'Dickens Did Not Live Here!'" The dickens he didn't!

"AN OLD READER" (Plymouth).—"For sale: A piano by a lady with carved legs. Trusting it will please you." Why should it please us if she has carved legs?

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT

Zam-Buk

The Perfect Healer

ZAM-BUK'S unequalled success in healing wounds and sores, and curing obstinate diseases like eczema, ringworm, ulcers, piles, etc., is due to its unique herbal origin.

Nothing else can perform the same marvellous healing or dispel disease from the tissues as Zam-Buk does. Zam-Buk soothes pain and itching, *stops festering and blood-poison*, cleanses the tissues of disease, and then grows new healthy skin in a wonderful way.

Of all Chemists.

KEEP IT HANDY.

BODY VERMIN
THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made **vermin-free** and **vermin-proof** in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

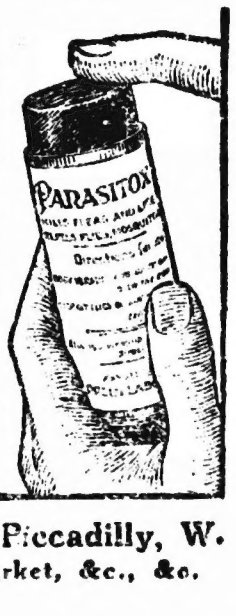
PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and oathsome pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salonica.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more effectious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says: "Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. . . . It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in Camp."



Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by Sole Makers

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

Also Strand, Haymarket, &c., &c.

1st PRIZE 500 POUNDS 'BULLETS' MONSTER PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	25 PRIZES OF 10/-

2ND. PRIZE £50

Five Hundred Pounds

1st Prize For this week only

☛ A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 1st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(223) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 223, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 1st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(223) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed _____

Address _____

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 1st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(223) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 224. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 224 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 224, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 224.

FIGHT TO FINISH	HOT AT ANY PRICE	LOSING HIS REASON	A GOOD TONIC
TEMPTING OFFER	A DOG'S LIFE	TAKEN IN	WISEST PLAN
GETTING READY	VILLAGE CHOIR	WITHOUT ASKING	BASHFUL YOUNG MAN
PAYING THE FARE	TURNING THE TABLES	SWEET AS SUGAR	HOUSEMAID'S KNEE
FATHER'S TROUSERS	FORBIDDEN LUXURY	ALL SEASONS	THE KAISER'S WILL

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 223

SEEING THE TANKS
OUR GENERAL
RAISING A LOAN
MONEY TALKS
BRINGING WAR HOME
WHAT LLOYD GEORGE THINKS
TAXI-DRIVERS
DECLINED WITH THANKS
WILLING MAID
DOING HIS WORST
IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING
STRONG MEASURES
MEANS TO WIN
PROMISING GIRL
GERMAN LIES
WANTED TO FIGHT
TOMMY'S CALLING
MOTHER'S WASHING
FOUND OUT TOO LATE
FATHER REGRETS
PIECE OF BLUFF
WON'T DO
A BAD RECORD
SEEING STARS
IN A FOG
WHEN DOCTOR CALLS
LOOSE HABITS
THE SOBER TRUTH
PRETTY BUSY
THE KAISER'S CURSE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
PRETTY BUSY.
TOMMY AT THE FRONT.

Example:—
THE SOBER TRUTH.
Bullet:—
WON'T SUIT GERMANY.

Example:—
A BAD RECORD.
Bullet:—
PRISONER REGRETS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 17th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated January 27th.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. [illegible] payable to JOHN BULL and crossed [illegible] & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!

1ST PRIZE 500 POUNDS

3RD PRIZE £10

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

Result of 220th Bullets Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. J. W. CARR, Crossgate, Cupar, Scotland.
Example:—IN THE CABINET.
Bullet:—"FEW" PROVE A SUCCESS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. H. E. PEARSON, 7, Erskine Street, Liverpool.
Example:—THE KAISER'S LATEST.
Bullet:—"UNFIT" TO BE "CONSIDERED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

74 Sergt. H. L. GRACEY, O.C.A.C. Staff, Hastings.
Example:—FOOD DICTATOR.
Bullet:—HIS WORK "CUT OUT."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Miss ALLEN, c.o. Mr. Sievewright, Attercliffe Rd., Sheffield: TOMMY—MAN WITH LITTLE "SWAGGER."

Mr. A. BROWN, Union Villa, Eskbank, Midlothian: THE KAISER'S LATEST—SHOWS HOW GERMANY'S "GOING."

Mrs. J. HACKING, 118, New Hey Road, Milnrow, Rochdale: WHEN ON LEAVE—DISCIPLINE "LEFT" ENJOYMENT "RIGHT."

Mrs. L. R. DAVIES, 21, Victoria Road, Stroud Green, N.: FOOD DICTATOR—"PROVIDING" HE'S ALL THERE.

Mr. J. NIXON, Lurganlarragh, Enniskillen, Ireland: WHAT WIFE THINKS—"AIREU" BEFORE "SLEEPINGON."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. W. SMALES, 12, Fifth Street, Wallsend-on-Tyne: WHAT WIFE THINKS—EVERYTHING'S "UP" TO HER

Miss E. J. THRIFT, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex: IN THE KNOW—THE "KNOWING ONE" SELDOM.

Mr. E. T. JONES, Moriah House, Cilfynydd, Pontypridd: THE KAISER'S LATEST—"HOWLING DOG" SIGNIFIES DEATH.

Mr. M. JOSEPH, 50, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.: IN THE CABINET—ABILITY TO CONQUER "LIES."

Sergt. METCALFE, 23, Croxteth Avenue, Litherland, Near Liverpool:
WHAT WIFE THINKS—HUBBY LIKES "FETCHING" THINGS.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mrs. W. BENNETT, 117, Burder Street, Loughborough: HOWLING SUCCESS—FRITZ, "SEEING THE POINT."

Mr. R. PEAT, 18, Mansion Street, Cambuslang, Scotland: MOST PROMISING—BEGINNER'S BILLIARDS. PROPRIETOR SAYS.

Mr. A. E. GREENOUGH, The Bakery, Ticehurst, Sussex: VILLAGE CONCERT—"KIDS" THE AUDIENCE.

Mr. W. DOHERTY, 173, Chalmers Street, Dunfermline: TOMMY—OPTIMIST—"IN A HOLE."

Mr. E. M. HARRIES, 8, Fron Terrace, Llanelly, S. Wales: SWEET NOTHINGS—THE QUACK'S PILLS.

Mr. J. MURRAY, 74, Cornwall Street, Cardiff:
A BIG BLUFF—FATHER WHISTLING NEXT MORNING.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. T. J. BENGER, 12, Mafeking Street, Whitley Bay: WHEN ON LEAVE—"OVER" FIRE, REPLACE "UNDER."

Mr. A. WRAY, 86, Leathwaite Rd., Clapham Common, S.W.: A BIG BLUFF—BRIDAL GIFT—FATHER'S CHEQUE.

CADET G. WHITEHOUSE, 8 Cadet Batt., Lichfield: TROUBLE BREWING—FORBIDDING SUGAR ON PILLS.

Mrs. A. C[illegible]RS, 3, Sudill Cross, Blackburn: FALSE NOTES—NIPPER'S SNORES—CHRISTMAS EVE.

No. _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, February 1st.**

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(223) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary Fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should His, or Her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Jan 27th, 1917 .....

NOTE—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Jan. 27th, 1917.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
Newsagent, of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....
.....

Round the World with
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS
China.

On the road to Peking, this side up with care,
Hi Wan Hung and Chin Ching, cheerfully they bear.
Distinguished guests of high degree,
Chairman Juniors, ten for three,
No doubt they pay a princely fee when riding in a chair.

If you examine a packet of Chairman Juniors cigarettes you will find that they are beautifully made, wholly free from dust, and are well packed. Smoke one, and the flavour, coolness, and clean Virginian aroma will convince you of the fineness of the blend of the tobacco. They are excellent in every respect—in fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold at canteens and by tobacconists everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them . . . . . and they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 85-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.